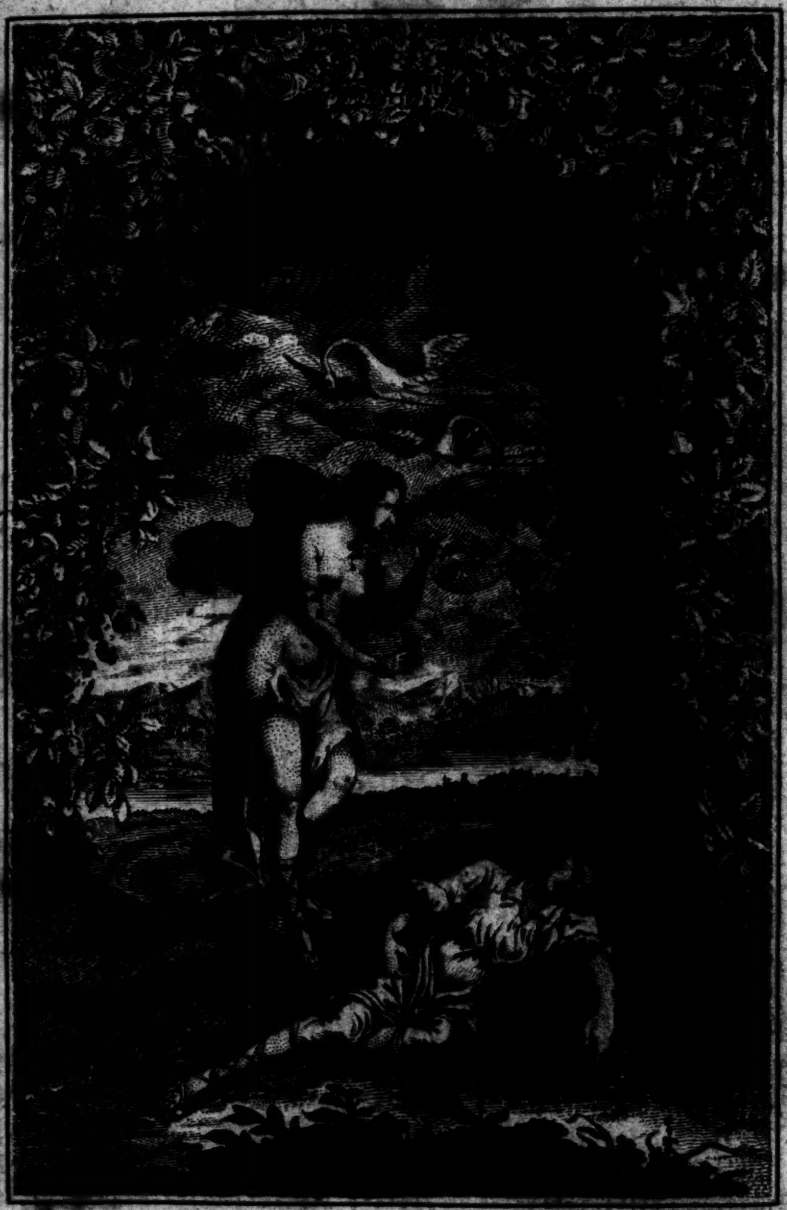
1801

KISSES, &c.

KISSES, &c.

V Secundus



Sed placidam Pueri metuens turbare quietèm,
Fixit vicinis Basia mille Rosis. Bas. I.

Gal 9 2 c

KISSES,

BEING AN

ENGLISH TRANSLATION in VERSE

OF THE

BASIA

OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS NICOLAÏUS

OF THE

HAGUE,

Accompanied with the original Latin Text;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

An ESSAY on the LIFE and WRITINGS of SECUNDUS.

Ornamented with a *Frontiſpiece* repreſenting the *Origin of Kiſſes*, and a Likeneſs of *Secundus* from a Painting by *Scorellius*.

Mollia, Pegaſides, veſtro date ſerta Poetæ;
Non faciet capiti dura corona meo.

PROPERT.

LONDON:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in *Ruſſel-Street, Covent-Garden*, Bookſeller to the *Royal Academy*; and ſold by J. BEW, in *Paternoſter-Row*.

M, DCC, LXXV.

20

THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

To endeavour to transfer unblemiſhed into the Engliſh Language the numberleſs Beauties with which the Baſia *of* Secundus *abound, muſt be reckoned a very daring attempt, an attempt in which I am not vain enough to ſuppoſe I have ſucceeded: all I can hope to have effected by this weak effort of my Pen, is, to have drawn a deſerving Author from that oblivion in which he has been ſo long buried: and it were to be wiſhed that what I have done might prove an incentive to*

ſome other perſon, whoſe abilities may render him more capable, and whoſe occupations in Life may better permit him, to do that Juſtice to Secundus *which mine will not; by giving the World a more elegant Tranſlation of this ſingular and truly beautiful part of his Works, or of ſome other part, as his Fancy may lead him.*

This Tranſlation *throughout is confronted with the original* Latin; *the preſervation of which, as every Edition of* Secundus *is now become extremely ſcarce, is what I can alone expect will any way recommend my Book to the Public: for my* Verſification, *I ſubmit it to the candour of the Reader; it was began as a mere matter of amuſement, nor had I any intention of publiſhing it, till I found that I had imperceptibly finiſhed the whole of the* Baſia; *when conſidering how little this Author was known, yet how much he merited attention; I*

was

was tempted to offer to the World my Tranſla-tion *of his* Kiſſes, *indifferent as it may be.*

The Print of Secundus *with the four Latin lines under it, which is found in the ſecond Edition of his Works by* Scriverius, *I have had copied and inſerted; but with this difference, that it is greatly diminiſhed; for this Print in the* Scri-verian *Edition is of the ſize of the duodecimo leaf. As to the Cut of* Julia* *preſerved in the ſame Book, I have not thought proper to tranſfer it here, it being by no means pertinent to the* Kiſſes *of which* Neæra *is the ſubject; but in its room I have placed a Frontiſpiece, re-preſenting the ſubject of the firſt* Baſium, *or the* Origin of Kiſſes, *which I think is more ap-plicable.*

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* See the *Eſſay on the Life and Writings of Secun-dus.* Page 16.

It remains that I should make some Apology for the Pieces *added at the end of this Work. It is true they cannot boast all the Beauties of* Secundus; *yet they are pretty enough, and may please some of those who take a delight in Poems of this nature; but even if we allow them only a scanty Share of Merit, we must at least allow them the advantage of serving as a foil to the superior excellence of the* Dutch Poet.

AN ESSAY ON THE LIFE and WRITINGS OF SECUNDUS.

OF all the modern Latin Poets, none perhaps has remained longer in obſcurity than *Joannes Secundus*, owing to what cauſe I ſhall not pretend to determine; yet no Author has been more eſteemed by the few who have read him; as well for the purity and elegance of his Language, as for the ſingular beauty of his Thoughts. Conſidering then that obſcurity in which he has ſo long continued, it is not very wonderful that ſo few Circumſtances can be collected with regard to his Hiſtory. For the following Anecdotes of his Life, I am chiefly indebted to a little Treatiſe in the laſt Edition of his Works publiſhed by *Scriverius* in the Year 1631; and theſe Anecdotes

are

are not regularly drawn up into a complete Life of our Author: therefore if my account of *Secundus* is not entirely ſatisfactory to the *Reader*, it muſt be attributed to a want of the exiſtence of neceſſary materials.

THAT *Joannes Secundus* was deſcended from an antient and illuſtrious Family in the *Netherlands*, is undoubted. His Father *Nicolaus Everardus* was born in the neighbourhood of *Middelburg*, (hence he is often ſtiled *Middelburgenſis*) which is the *chief Town* of the *Province* of *Zealand*, and ſituated in the *Iſland* of *Walcheren* belonging to that Province.

EVERARDUS was accounted a Man of great Erudition, remarkably learned in the Law, and had every qualification that might complete the Gentleman as well as the Scholar; in ſhort he was a ſhining Character, and could not fail by ſuch Abilities and Politeneſs as he poſſeſſed to diſtinguiſh himſelf as a Courtier, in which ſphere of Life Fortune had placed him: accordingly we find him a great Favourite with the then Emperor *Charles the fifth*, and having Employs of the utmoſt Importance; for he was a Member of

the

the *Grand Parliament* or *Council* of *Mechelen*, and was also *President* of the *States* of *Holland* and *Zealand*, residing at the *Hague*, (during his residence at which place our *Joannes Secundus Nicolaius* was born *Anno* 1511) he was afterwards translated to the same honourable Post at *Mechelen*, where he ended his Days, Aug. 5---1532, aged 70; and at that place he was buried.

WHENCE our Poet acquired the names of *Secundus* and *Nicolaius* may be a matter of much dispute, as we have nothing upon record which satisfactorily clears up this point. The name of *Nicolai* all the children of *Nicolaus Everardus* took, possibly from their Father's name *Nicolaus*: but the name of *Secundus*, which distinguishes our Author, most probably had its rise from some Pun; for to be sure he was as a Poet, *Nemini Secundus*.

BUT before we proceed any further in our History of *Secundus*, let us take a view of the Children of *Nicolaus Everardus*; which were five Sons, and I believe three Daughters: they were all of a scientific cast; nay such was the genius for Literature which this Family possessed, that

it

it even deſcended to the female Line, as we ſhall learn mentioning *Iſabella Nicolaïa*. To ſpeak of the Sons of *Everardus* then, in the ſame order they are ſpoke of, in that treatiſe of the Family preſerved by *Scriverius*, we begin with *Petrus Nicolaïus*; he was an *Eccleſiaſtic* of the *Order* of *Premontre*, alſo *a Doctor of Divinity* and *of Civil Law*. Next to him was *Everardus Nicolaïus*; who was a Member of the *Grand Council* of *Friezland*, and of the *Grand Council* of *Mechelen*; afterwards *Preſident* of *Friezland*, and of *Mechelen*; he was alſo a *Knight* of the *Order* of the *Golden Fleece*. Then comes *Nicolaus Grudius Nicolaïus*; (ſo called becauſe he was born at *Louvain*, the inhabitants of which Country have ſuppoſed themſelves to be originally the *Grudii* of *Cæſar*.---vide *Cæſ. Comment. de Bel. Gal.*) he was *Treaſurer* of the *Province* of *Brabant*, and one of the *Privy Council*; he was alſo *Knight*, and *Regiſter* of the *Order of the Golden Fleece*. *Hadrianus Marius Nicolaïus* is now to be ſpoke of; he was a *Knight*, a *Member* of the *Privy Council*, and *High Chancellor* of *Guelderland* and *Zutphen*.

THUS we ſee it was a Family diſtinguiſhed by Princely Favours; nor were theſe four Brothers

thers deficient in point of Learning, on the contrary we find many Encomiums paid to their literary Merits, particularly as Poets: that *Nicolaus Grudius* and *Hadrianus Marius* excelled in Poetry is evident, not only from the Teſtimony of *Secundus*, but from their remaining Compoſitions; the *Cymba Amoris* of *Marius* is a moſt elegant little Piece.

ACCORDING to *Scriverius* our *Poet* comes laſt in order, whoſe Hiſtory we will reſume after having mentioned his Siſter *Iſabella Nicolaïa*; this Lady was an honour to her Sex, having a remarkable fine taſte for polite and even claſſical Learning; ſhe was capable of correſponding in Latin, as we are informed by an Epiſtle of *Secundus* to her, wherein he regrets the loſs Society ſuſtained from Talents like hers being buried in a Cloiſter; for that ſhe ſpent her Days in a Convent is a fact, but upon what account we are not informed: as to the other Siſters of *Secundus* nothing particular is related of them.

SUCH were the Children of *Nicolaus Everardus* by his Lady *Eliza Bladella*, who was a Native of *Mechelen*, and endowed with every female

female accompliſhment. My Readers may now ſuſpect me of being partial to the very alliances of a favourite Author, having deſcribed the whole Family of the *Nicolai* as a collection of ſhining Characters; but let me clear up their doubts, by aſſuring them that I am but a faithful Retailer of what I have gathered from Books upon this ſubject.

To return to *Secundus*. The Education of ſo great a Genius muſt be allowed a matter worthy of reſearch. Our Poet we learn firſt trod the paths of Science under the direction of a Guide no leſs capable of leading him through them, than intereſted in the Employ; I mean his own Father, who was Preceptor not to *Secundus* only, but to his Children in general: and they, by their appearance in Life afterwards, amply repaid the aſſiduity of ſuch a Preceptor.

But attention to public Buſineſs now obliged *Everardus* to ſeek out for ſome fit Perſon, to whom he might entruſt the Education of his Son *Joannes Secundus*; which he could no longer ſuperintend in ſuch a manner, as to enable him to make the neceſſary Improvements to cut that

figure

figure he wiſhed in the Profeſſion for which he intended him, namely the *Law*.

ACCORDINGLY he was put under the care of *Jacobus Volcardus*, who was every way qualified for the undertaking, and whoſe death *Secundus* mentions in one of his *Nænia* with no ſmall Concern. *Rumoldus Stenemola* ſucceeded him in the place of Tutor, and his Abilities equalled thoſe of *Volcardus*; nor was *Secundus* ſparing of his Compliments upon *Stenemola*, for there are many in his Works: but indeed *Secundus* was a Youth of ſuch a caſt, that he could not help retaining a Veneration for all who had aſſiſted him in making any acquiſition in point of Learning.

IT may not be improper to ſpeak of our Poet's Amuſements, which are a ſtill further proof of his love for the fine Arts, theſe were Painting and Sculpture. When I ſpeak of *Secundus* as a *Poet*, I do not reckon Poetry an Amuſement, but a principal employment; and it truly was ſuch with him, conſidering the quantity of Verſes he wrote; but he was an inſpired Bard at a very early Age, for 'tis ſaid he began to write Poetry when but ten Years old. His original Works in Painting

Painting and Sculpture are now extremely ſcarce, and the very Copies of them are become almoſt equally ſo; we learn that he carved all his own Family, his Miſtreſſes, (of whom we ſhall make mention preſently) the Emperor *Charles the fifth*, ſeveral great Perſonages of thoſe times, and many of his intimate Friends. In the laſt Edition of the Works of *Secundus*, publiſhed by *Scriverius*, there is a picture of his Miſtreſs *Julia*, with this Inſcription round it,

VATIS AMATORIS IULIA SCULPTA MANU.

which is ſaid to be engraved from an original carving of that Lady, executed by *Secundus*'s own hand; a copy of this Print from the *Scriverian* Edition is preſerved in that *Tranſlation* of the *Kiſſes* publiſhed by *Lintot* in the Year 1731, but I have not inſerted it in the preſent Edition, as it no way refers to this part of the Works of *Secundus*; *Neæra* being the Lady to whom his *Book of Kiſſes* was addreſſed, and not *Julia*; yet *Julia* had equal Honours paid her by the divine Muſe of *Secundus*, for ſhe is the peculiar ſubject of the

firſt

first Book of his *Elegies*, which has her name for its Title.

SECUNDUS having nearly attained the age of twenty-one, it was thought necessary that under some excellent Professor he should regularly study the *Civil Law*, in which it was hoped he might one day distinguish himself; for this purpose he quitted *Mechelen*, and went into *France*, where he acquired under the celebrated *Andreas Alciatus*, at *Bourges*, (a City in the *Orleannois*) all that knowledge which was requisite to make him shine in his Profession. The Character of *Alciatus* as a Civilian is well known, being one of the most learned Men in the Law of those Times, and having left many excellent Treatises behind him in that Science; he was likewise possessed of general polite Erudition, and had a turn for Poetry, which turn beyond a doubt must help to endear him to *Secundus*. The poetic Pieces of *Andreas Alciatus* are extant in several Collections of modern Latin Poetry, particularly his Emblems.

OUR *Poet*, who had now passed a Year in the study of the Law under this very able Teacher, and taken his Degrees, returned to *Mechelen*;

but it muſt require a Soul equally impaſſioned with his, to conceive his uneaſineſs, when he found upon his return that his *Julia* was married; ſhe who had firſt fanned his youthful Fires, and who had hitherto reigned ſole Miſtreſs of his Heart. For certain it is that our firſt impreſſions of Love are not very eaſily effaced, even by Time; and tis not leſs certain, that Memory traces theſe Impreſſions with a peculiar pleaſure, as in ſo doing, it recalls to our Minds thoſe Days of Innocence, when we enjoyed Love in its pureſt and moſt diſintereſted State. The many tender things *Secundus* wrote on being deprived of his *Julia* may amply verify theſe Remarks.

HOWEVER *Venerilla* ſoon ſupplied the loſs of *Julia* as a Miſtreſs; ſhe was paſſionately fond of *Secundus*, but there is reaſon to ſuſpect he was not ſo much enamoured with her as with his former Lady, or with his *Neæra*, who ſucceeded *Venerilla* in the Empire of his Affections. *Neæra* was the laſt Miſtreſs of *Secundus*; and no doubt had very ſenſibly touched his heart, ſince ſhe inſpired him with the moſt voluptuous part of all his Writings, I mean his *Book of Kiſſes*; the

the Perſon of *Neæra* we cannot particularize, no carving or picture of her being extant, but her Character is drawn up at large by her Lover in his Works more than once. In a few words ſhe was a *fair Inconſtant*, who could play with the Paſſions of a fond Youth ſo as to keep them perpetually inflamed; and as we learn ſhe was a native of *Spain*, we may conclude her of no cold diſpoſition.

LET us now view *Secundus* at a time of Life when the World opened more extenſive Proſpects to him, and when he began to enter into public Employ, *Anno* 1533 we find he went into *Spain*, well recommended to People of the higheſt rank (particularly *Count Naſſau*) where he became Secretary to the *Cardinal Joannes Travera, Archbiſhop of Toledo*, in a Department of Buſineſs which required a perfect knowledge of the *Latin Tongue*: however, in the midſt of his occupations he ſtill found leiſure to court the Muſes, and wrote many Pieces, among which were his *Kiſſes*; therefore, I conclude it was while with the Cardinal that he firſt ſaw the beauteous ſubject of them, *Neæra*.

SECUNDUS had not been a Year in *Spain*, before the heat of the Climate proved too powerful for his Conſtitution, being ſeized with a Fever which had nearly carried him off, but that Youth was on his ſide. This Illneſs he mentions in a work of his, dated 1534.

THE Year following, 1535, he accompanied, by the advice of the *Cardinal Travera*, the Emperor *Charles the fifth*, to the much celebrated *Siege of Tunis*, againſt that noted Pirate *Barbaroſſa*; the *Emperor* was attended in this Expedition by numbers of Gentlemen of Rank and Fortune, who went as Volunteers; and many hardſhips they ſuffered, hardſhips but little ſuited to the ſoft Diſpoſition of *Secundus*, whoſe Feats of military Valour at this Period are not upon record; but it is generally agreed that *War* was leſs his Talent than *Poetry*. It appears remarkable that *Secundus* wrote nothing poetical of note upon the *Siege of Tunis*, which might have furniſhed him with ample matter for an *Epic Poem*; but perhaps the ſubject was for *ſome reaſons* diſguſting to him.

BEING

BEING returned from his martial Expedition, the *Cardinal* ſent him upon a very honourable Embaſſy to *Rome*, namely, to congratulate the *Pope Paul the third*, upon the ſucceſs of the *Emperor*'s Arms; but extreme Illneſs overtaking him upon the road, he was neceſſitated almoſt immediately to turn back, and ſeek the benefit of his native Air, which recovered him.

SECUNDUS having now quitted the *Archbiſhop of Toledo*, was employed by the *Biſhop of Utrecht* in the ſame office of Secretary; and ſo much had he hitherto diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his Abilities, that in a ſhort time after this, he was ſent for (without any other recommendation than his well known Learning) by the firſt *Prothonotary* of the *Emperor Charles the Fifth*, who was then in *Italy*, to take upon him the Charge of thoſe *Latin Letters*, ſigned by the *Emperor*'s own hand. But ere he could enter upon this new and honourable Poſt, Death put a ſtop to his Career of Glory: for being arrived at *Saint Amand*, in the Diſtrict of *Tournay*, in order to meet upon Buſineſs the *Biſhop of Utrecht*, who is *Abbot*, or *Pro-Abbot* of the *Monaſtery of Benedictines* there; he was cut off by a violent Fever, within five

days after his Arrival, in the very Flower of his Age (not having yet completed his twenty-fifth Year) *Oct. 8th.* 1536. He was interred in the *Church* of the aboveſaid *Monaſtery*; and his near Relations erected a Marble Tomb to his Memory, whoſe *Inſcription* is thus preſerved by *Aubertus Miræus* in the firſt (tho' not in the ſecond) Edition of his *Elogii Belgarum.*

IOANNI HAGENSI
SECRETARIO REVERENDISS. DOMINI TRAIECTENSIS, ET ABBATIÆ HVIUS PRÆLATI FRATRES ET SORORES POSVERE.

OBIIT A. cIↃ IↃ XXXVI.
VIII. KAL. OCTOB.

Aubertus Miræus alſo ſpeaks of a ſimilar *French* one.

Scriverius gives us the following *Epitaph*, which he found in *Douza*'s hand-writing.

IOANNI

IOANNI SECUNDO HAGENSI BATAVO, I. Cto ORATORI AC POETÆ CLARISS. FINGENDI QVOQ. AC SCVLPENDI LAVDATISS. ARTIFICI, QVI PRIMVM IN HISPANIIS, IOANNI TAVERÆ TOLETANO CARDINALI; DEINDE IN PATRIA, ILLVSTRI GEORGIO AB EGMONDA, TRAIECTENSI PRÆVLI, ET HVIVS LOCI PRIMATI, AB EPISTOLIS ET SECRETIS FVIT; POSTREMO AB CAROLO V. IMP. AUG. ACCERSITVS. VT EANDEM DEINCEPS APVD SE FVNCTIONEM OBIRET, IMMATVRA NIMIVM MORTE RAPTO, MATER, FRATRES, AC SORORES TRISTISSIMI DESIDERII MONIMENTVM POSVERVNT,

VIXIT AN. IIII ET XX. MENS X. DIES X. OBIIT ANNO AB RESTITVTA SALVTE M. D. XXXVI. VIII CALEND. OCTOB.

THIS *Epitaph* was effaced during the Civil Wars; but *Franciſcus Sweertius* in his Work *De Selectis Orbis Chriſtiani Deliciis*, among the *Tornacenſia*, ſhews it to be thus reſtored in the *Naſe* of the *Monaſtery Church* of *Saint Amand*, by the Abbot *Carolus de Par*; at the deſire of *Dionyſius Villerius*, and *Hieronymus Winghius*.

IOANNI SECVNDO HAGIENSI,
Poëtæ celeberrimo & nulli ſecundo: cujus tumulum hæreticorum furore anno CIↃ IↃ LXVI *violatum*, CAROLUS DE PAR *Abbas*, *ob tanti viri memoriam reſtaurari C.*
Obijt anno CIↃ IↃ XXXVI, *Kalend. Oct. ob.*
à Secretis Georgii Egmondani Trajectenſ.
Epiſcopi, hujus loci Pro-Abbatis.

HAVING informed my Reader of every circumſtance I am acquainted with relative to the *Life* of *Joannes Secundus*, which ſeems to have been a Life chiefly ſpent in Improvement, yet by no means eſtranged to Pleaſure, and the Indulgence of the ſofter Paſſions; let me now ſay ſomething of his *Works*; which, for the ſatisfaction

tion of thoſe who may be any way ſolicitous in their Enquiries after this *Author*, I ſhall enumerate as they ſtand in the laſt Edition of *Scriverius*, which is the moſt copious of any Edition of *Secundus* I have yet ſeen. They are as follows.

Series operum omnium quæ reperiri potuerunt.

IULIA, Eleg. LIB. I.

AMORES, Eleg. LIB. II.

AD DIVERSOS, Eleg. LIB. III.

BASIA, incomparabilis & divinus prorſus liber.

EPIGRAMMATA.

ODARUM, Liber unus.

EPISTOLARUM, Liber unus Elegiaco.

EPISTOLARUM, Liber alter Heroico carmine ſcriptus.

FUNERUM, Liber unus.

SYLVÆ, & CARMINUM Fragmenta.

POEMATA nonnulla Fratrum.

ITINERARIA Secundi tria, &c.

EPISTOLÆ totidem, ſoluta oratione.

To theſe is added an Epiſtle of *Hadrianus Marius* (*Secundus's Brother*) to *Servatius Zaſſenus*, a Bookſeller at *Louvain*, which throws ſome lights upon the earlier Editions of *Secundus*. Alſo, a very excellent Treatiſe entitled *De Io: Secundo, Hagenſi; Deque Nicolao Patre, & Gente Nicolaïa.* Which contains upon the whole the moſt ſatisfactory account of *Secundus* and his *Family* I have yet met with, and to this is added a little Poem of *Douza*'s. Laſtly, are ſome Pieces under the title of *Manes Io: Secundi; Auctoribus, Hadriano Mario, et Nicolao Grudio, Fratribus.*

WHAT Character theſe *Works* bear, is a queſtion hardly neceſſary, when we ſee prefixed to them the Teſtimonies of ſeveral excellent Critics; as *Lilius Greg: Gyraldus, Julius Cæſar, Scaliger, Theodorus Beza*, and many others equally celebrated in the Republic of Letters; nor are the Commendations of his *Brothers*, and his *Editors* (*Cripius* and *Scriverius* in particular) to be diſregarded: but in ſhort, every Writer who mentions *Secundus* ſpeaks of him with rapture. To give my Reader a general Idea of the great Eſtimation in which his Poems are held, I will inſert the following *Critique*, from a certain

French

French Writer; which upon the whole, is the moſt juſt and conciſe of any I know upon the ſubject.

On a de ce jeune Poëte Latin trois Livres d'Elegies; Un d' Epigrammes; deux d'Epitres; un d' Odes; un de Silves; un de Pieces funebres; un de Pieces galantes, qu'il a intitulé BASIA; et quelques autres Ouvrages poëtiques, qui ne ſe peuvent point rapporter à aucune de ces eſpeces. Ces Ouvrages font voir que SECUNDUS avoit l' Eſprit delicat, agreable, et enjoué; ce qui eſt d'autant plus remarquable, qu'il etoit né dans un Climat qui ne paroit point favorable à la gentileſſe d' Eſprit, qui eſt neceſſaire à ceux qui veulent reuſſir dans la belle Poëſie. Il ne ſortoit rien de ſa veine que d' excellent, quoiqu' elle fut fort abundante, qu' elle coulât avec la plus grande facilité du monde, et qu' il compoſât ſur le champ tout ce qu' il vouloit. Il eſt doux, tranquille, et fort net dans ſes Elegies; ſubtil et delicat dans ſes Epigrammes; agreable & noble dans ſes Vers Lyriques; grave dans ſes Pieces funebres, ſans etre enflé ni guindé. On peut dire en general qu' il a le ſtyle plein, elegant, et tendre dans tous ſes Ouvrages; et que, s' il avoit eu le loiſir de travailler & de ſe perfectionner dans l' Epopée ou le Poëme Epique, il y auroit excellé; mais ſa muſe eſt un peu trop laſcive.

This

This young Poet has left us three Books of Elegies, one of Epigrams; two of Epiſtles; one of Sylvæ; one of Funera; one of gallant Pieces, which he has entitled BASIA; *and ſome other poetical productions, which no way relate to any of the above-mentioned kinds of Poetry. Theſe Works altogether prove; that* SECUNDUS *was poſſeſſed of a delicate, pleaſing, and lively imagination; which is by ſo much the more remarkable, as he was born in a Climate that does not appear the moſt favourable to polite taſte, ſo neceſſary for all who would diſtinguiſh themſelves in elegant Poetry. His Genius, tho' extremely fertile, never produced any thing but what was excellent, and that, with the greateſt eaſe, and almoſt inſtantaneouſly. He is ſweet, calm, and at the ſame time perſpicuous in his Elegies; delicately ſubtil in his Epigrams; pleaſingly noble in his Lyric Compoſitions; grave in his Funera, without any thing pompous or bombaſtic. In ſhort, throughout all his Works we may pronounce his Style to be full, elegant, and tender; and we may be aſſured, that had his leiſure permitted him to have undertaken and improved himſelf in Epic Poetry, he would have excelled in it; but his Muſe is ſomewhat too wanton.*

SECUNDUS ſeems to have been a general Imitator of all the tender Writers of Antiquity, as *Catullus*,

Catullus, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, *C. Gallus*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, *&c.* but that he has particularly borrowed his Expreſſions from *Tibullus* and *Propertius*, I think will be very perceptible to any one who compares thoſe Authors with *Secundus*. *Catullus* is imagined to have given him the firſt hint of his *Kiſſes*; and I think it very probable, as there are many of the Pieces of *Catullus* which may well be termed *Baſia*; ſuch are his fifth, ſeventh, and ninth *Carmina*.

AND here it may not be improper to ſpeak of *Joannes Bonefonius*, whoſe *Book of Kiſſes*, or *Pancharis* as it is called (from the Lady's name to whom the *Kiſſes* were addreſſed) is evidently wrote in imitation of the *Kiſſes* of *Secundus*. This Author was a native of *France*, being born at *Clermont* in *Auvergne*; he was *Lieutenant General* of *Bar-ſur-Seine*, and flouriſhed under the reign of *Henry the third*, but did not die till the reign of *Lewis the thirteenth*. His *Kiſſes*; which are 32 in number, and to which is added a Poem called *Pervigilium Veneris*, a poor attempt after the manner of the *Epithalamium laſcivum* of *Secundus*, have the higheſt Encomiums beſtowed upon them by *Borrichius*, *Rapin*, *Menage*, and others; but in general they

they are eſteemed far inferior to the *Kiſſes* of the *Dutch Poet*, as they are deficient in that delicacy of Thought and Expreſſion, which diſtinguiſhes *Secundus*: beſides; the greater part of them, tho' they may be *gallant Pieces*, cannot be called *Baſia*; as they no way refer to the ſubject; for inſtance the following.

Bonefonii Baſium 24.

En flores tibi mitto diſcolores,
Pallentemque roſam, et roſam rubentem;
Illam cùm aſpicies, miſelli amantis
Puta pallidulos videre vultus.
Cùm tueberis hanc rubore tinctam,
Putes igne rubens cor intueri.

Which may be thus rendered.

In this little Wreath unite
Roſes red, and Roſes white;
Take it *beauteous Maid*, and trace
In the *White* my love-ſick Face;
But the *Red*'s an Emblem true
Of my Heart enflam'd by you.

HOWEVER

HOWEVER at the end of this Book I have added, as a Specimen of the Writing of *Bonefonius*, one of thoſe *Kiſſes* which may be allowed the appellation.

THE Works of this Poet are generally accompanied with a French Tranſlation, which has been wrongfully attributed by ſome to *Bonefonius* himſelf; and alſo with ſeveral pretty Pieces of the old French Poetry, under the title of *Goyetez Amoureuſes*: yet there are Editions of the Latin of *Bonefonius* only. Before I have done with this Author, let me add; that he ought not to be confounded with his Son *Joannes Bonefonius*, who, I am informed was a Latin Poet, but with whoſe Writings I am totally unacquainted.

THO' the Works of *Secundus* have gone thro' many Editions, yet all are at preſent become extremely ſcarce; the earlier ones in particular; inſomuch that this Poet is hardly known to have exiſted. In an Engliſh Tranſlation of his *Baſia*, publiſhed ſome Years ago, I found, very accurately drawn up, an account of the various Editions of *Secundus*, by way of Poſtcript to a *Diſſertation* to *Sir Richard Mead Bart.* which *Diſſertation*, by

by the way, contains the Life of *Secundus*. The general heads of this Account I ſhall here ſet down, for the Benefit of ſuch as may be intereſted or curious in their reſearches after our *Author*.

THAT none of the Works of *Joannes Secundus* came out during his Life is certain; but we are informed that a ſhort time before he died, he had a deſign of publiſhing, and had already laid down the order in which his Pieces ſhould be printed. This order his Brother *Marius* adopted, who, after the Death of *Secundus*, was preparing an Edition of his Works for the preſs, but was diverted from his deſign, by the following incident.

SECUNDUS's *Nænia* and *Epitaph* upon *Sir Thomas More*, an Engliſhman, who was beheaded in the Reign of our *Henry the Eighth* (the *Nænia* ſigned *Eraſmus*, and the *Epitaph Io: S.*) were publiſhed by a German Printer ſurreptitiouſly, and ſome time after re-publiſhed; (when the *Epitaph* was ſigned *Joannes Sapidus*) but the Copy which the Bookſeller had procured being extremely imperfect, *Marius*, in juſtice to his deceaſed Brother as a Scholar, publiſhed correctly the *Nænia & Epitaph* alone; this Book was printed at *Lovain*,

Anno

Anno 1536. by *Servatius Zaffenus*, and is now of all others the moſt ſcarce of any Edition of *Secundus*.

BAILLET mentions the *Baſia* of *Secundus* to have come out ſeparately, in 4to. *Lugd. apud Griph.* 1536. and another Edition of them in 1539. *Scriverius* alſo ſpeaks of a 4to. Edition of his *Baſia* ſeparate, printed at *Paris* in 1538. and *Baillet* likewiſe ſays, that his *Regia Pecunia*, which is among the *Sylvæ* in the *Scriverian* Edition, was printed ſeperate, in 4to. *Lugd.* 1552.

BUT no Edition of the Works of *Secundus* complete came out till the Year 1541. when an Edition was printed by *Hermannus Borculous, Batav.* in ſmall 8vo. which was ſuppoſed to have been put out by *Marius*, ſtill ſome political Pieces relative to the *Engliſh* Court were in this new Edition ſuppreſſed, for private reaſons.

THE next perfect Edition of our Poet's Works was that of *Gulielmus Gripius*, which was publiſhed at *Paris* 1561. *apud Andream Wechelum*; it was a much ſmaller 8vo. and of a much fairer impreſſion than the former Edition; it was alſo ac-

companied with the *Hymni* and *Epigrams* of *Marullus*. And in the Year 1582, this Edition was reprinted.

SECUNDUS afterwards appeared in a Work printed by *Albinus*; which contained *Marullus*, *Angerianus*, & *Secundus*. It came out in *Germany*, 1595. *apud Bernardum Albinum*; but this Edition, which is in 12mo. as to Letter and Paper, is much inferior to that of *Cripius*. The *Nænia* and *Epitaph* on *Sir Thomas More* are in this Edition added, as the Productions of *Secundus*.

WE now come to the Editions of *Scriverius*, who is by far the best, and I believe the last Editor of *Secundus*. *Scriverius* published his first Edition in the Year 1619. *Lugduni Batavorum, Typis Jacobi Marci*; it is an 8vo. and contains, besides Amendments in those Poems which were before printed, the following Additions, viz. a Collection of very respectable *Testimonies*; an *Account* of the *Life*, and *Family* of *Secundus*; the *Letter* from *Marius* to *Zassenus*, concerning that Edition of his Brother's Works which *Marius* first published; some *Fragments* of Poetry; a few familiar *prose Epistles* by *Secundus*; and lastly,

the

the three *Itineraries* of *Secundus*, which are in proſe, and of an eaſy elegant ſtyle; theſe *Itineraries* were firſt publiſhed ſeparate at *Leyden*, by *Heinſius*, (who procured them from the public Library of that Place) *ex officina Jacobi Marci* 1618. The ſubject of the firſt *Itinerary* of *Secundus* is, his Journey from *Mechelen* to *Bourges* in *France*, when he went to ſtudy under *Alciatus*; that of the ſecond, his return from *Mechelen* to *Bourges*; and that of the third, his Journey into *Spain*, which he very pleaſingly deſcribes as far as *Almoigna*. We muſt remark, that in this Edition the *Baſia* are 22 in number; as they include that *Sylva* of the ſecond Edition of *Scriverius*, entitled *Epithalamium Laſcivum*; and the 24th, and 58th *Epigrams*. And we muſt further obſerve, that there are two Cuts: the one, is a Portrait of *Secundus*, repreſented with his carving Implements before him, and holding in his hand a little oval Sculpture of his Miſtreſs *Julia*; this Portrait is undoubtedly engraved from ſome remarkable *Painting* by *Scorellius*: the other Cut, is a ſmall head of *Julia*; which, from the Inſcription round it, we may conclude to be copied from a Carving executed by the Hand of her *Poet*; and is moſt

probably the ſame as that, with which *Secundus* is drawn in his hand.

THE ſecond Edition of *Scriverius* came out *Lugduni Batavorum, apud Franciſcum Hegerum*, 1631. It is in 12mo. and of a ſmaller Type than the former; its Emendations are conſiderable; and among its Additions are particularly the Poems of *Nicolaus Grudius*, and of *Hadrianus Marius*, whoſe *Cymba Amoris* is a moſt beautiful Compoſition. This Edition of *Secundus* is, as far as I know, the lateſt and moſt ample of any hitherto publiſhed; though the Author from whom I have extracted this account of the various Editions, ſays, that *Baillet* mentions an Edition in 12mo. printed *Lugd. Batav.* 1651. which he could never get intelligence of; nor can I. However, to the text of this laſt Edition of *Scriverius* I have adhered throughout my Tranſlation, concluding it to be the beſt.

IT is proper to add; that the chief part of the Works of *Secundus* are to be met with in a Book, whoſe Title is, *Delights of the Belgic Poets*; it was publiſhed at *Francfort* in 16. *Anno* 1614. by *Ranutius*

nutius Gerus, which is only the Author's real name *Janus Gruterus* diſguiſed under an Anagram. This Work is divided into four Parts; the fourth, contains the Poems of *Secundus*; the third, thoſe of his Brother *Hadrianus Marius*; and the ſecond part, the Poems of his Brother *Nicolaus Grudius*.

THUS much for the Editions of *Secundus*, let us come now to his Tranſlators and Imitators. That part of his Works which had the greateſt ſhare of Beauty and Originality, we may conclude, would be moſt likely to be tranſlated and imitated; in effect it has ſo proved; for except his *Book of Kiſſes*, which are indiſputably truly beautiful and original, I cannot find that any entire ſelect portion of his Works has been attempted; though I have ſeen ſeveral occaſional Tranſlations of his *Epigrams* and *Elegies*: but the *Baſia*, which have ever been in the higheſt Eſteem, can boaſt a very early Imitator, *Boneſonius*; he has been already ſpoke of; therefore we will proceed to his firſt Tranſlator in any modern language, who was a Mr. *Stanley*, well known for having wrote that much eſteemed Work, *The Lives of the Philoſophers*. He tranſlated into Engliſh

fourteen only of the nineteen *Baſia* of *Secundus*, (omitting the 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 14th,) which were publiſhed, with many other miſcellaneous *Poems* and *Tranſlations*, in the Year 1651. This is now a very rare and valuable Book; but its ſcarcity is hardly to be regretted were it not for its Antiquity, as Mr. *Stanley*'s numbers would but little pleaſe a modern Ear.

To enquire how far *Secundus* has been copied in any other Tongue would be tedious, and indeed would lead me far beyond the intended bounds of this *Eſſay*; yet I cannot help taking notice of a very ſplendid Publication of *Monſieur Dorat*'s, which came out within theſe few Years in *France*, entitled *Les Baiſers*; it is enriched with *Vignettes* and *Culs-de-Lampes*, repreſenting the ſubject of every *Kiſs*; and here moſt of the *Baſia* of *Secundus* are imitated, not tranſlated: this Book ſells at an exorbitant Price; but the Engravings, it is true, are inimitable. Some one was ſoon after induced to put out the *Baſia* of *Secundus* very imperfectly copied, and accompanied with a miſerable *French* Tranſlation in proſe; which the Author ſays may ſerve as a *Supplement* to the *Kiſſes* of *Monſieur Dorat*; but this Edition

is not worth mention, nor ſhould I have touched upon it, had not *Monſieur Dorat*'s Book led me to it. To return to the *Engliſh* Tranſlations.

THAT celebrated Poet Mr. *Fenton* tranſlated the *firſt* and *ſecond Baſia*, in ſuch a manner as makes me regret he had not tranſlated them all; and Mr. *Ward*, Author of ſeveral good Poems, among which his *Phœnix-Park* is in no ſmall eſtimation, tranſlated the *ninth* and *ſixteenth*. They are to be found in the reſpective Collections of theſe Authors.

BUT the only Tranſlation of the *Kiſſes* of *Secundus* complete that has hitherto appeared, came out in 1731. printed by *Henry Lintot*, in 12mo. without the Author's name affixed to it; this Tranſlation is every where accompanied with the original Latin; and though it is an Edition of ſuch late date, it is at preſent with difficulty procured; it has Copies, engraved by the celebrated *Picart*, of the Cuts of *Secundus* and *Julia* from the *Scriverian* Edition; that of *Secundus* comprehends the whole duodecimo leaf; but that of *Julia* is ſmall, and placed in the middle of a Title page, as the Print of *Secundus* is in this Book. It contains a

Dissertation, treating of the *Life* of *Secundus*, with a Postscript concerning the various Editions; and another Dissertation which forms a *Critic* upon the *Basia*. The Translations of *Fenton* and *Ward* are preserved; and the two *Epigrams*, included among the *Basia* of the first Edition of *Scriverius*, stand here, one by way of *Prologue*, the other by way of *Epilogue* to the *Kisses*. The *Epithalamium*, or 20th *Kiss* in the first Edition of *Scriverius*, is also retained; but neither *this*, nor the *Epigrams* have I translated, as they are with great propriety not classed among the *Basia*, in the second Edition of *Scriverius*. However, the *Epithalamium* of *Joannes Secundus* having ever been allowed a most finished Piece; I shall take the liberty to conclude my *Essay* by inserting it, as well as this Translator's versification of it; which may serve to give some Idea of his manner, though perhaps to the disparagement of the present *Editor*.

EPITHALAMIUM.

EPITHALAMIUM.

HORA ſuavicula, & voluptuoſa,
Hora Blanditiis, Lepore, Riſu,
Hora Deliciis, Jocis, Suſurris,
Hora Suaviolis, parique magnis
Cum DIIS *&* JOVE *tranſigenda ſorte;*
Hora quâ poterat beatiorem

Nec

THE EPITHALAMIUM.

THE Hour is come, with Pleaſure crown'd;
Borne in ETERNAL Order round.
Hour! of indearing Looks and Smiles!
Hour! of voluptuous Sports and Wiles!
Hour! fraught with fondly-murm'ring Sighs!
Hour! bleſt with ſoftly-dying Eyes!
Hour! with com-mingling KISSES SWEET!
Hour! of tranſporting Bliſs, re-plete!
Hour! worthy ev'n of GODS ABOVE!
Hour! worthy all-commanding JOVE!
For not a fairer-omen'd Hour,

Cou'd

Nec GNYDI DEA *ſancta polliceri;*

Nec qui, cum pharetrâ pererrat orbem,

Curis Gaudia delicata miſcens,

Pennâ ſplendidus aureâ CUPIDO;

Magni PRONUBA *nec* SOROR TONANTIS;

Nec qui floridulas HYMEN *Puellas,*

Raptas è gremio tenace Matrum,

Involvit cupidis Viri lacertis

RUPIS *Incola floriger* CANORÆ;

Advecta eſt, ſerie rotante COELI.

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

FELIX SPONSE! *cui cupita flamma*

Jam nunc in geminis quieſcet ulnis,

Puella,

Cou'd promiſe the kind * GNIDIAN POW'R!
Not tender CUPID cou'd beſtow!
The Boy with Silver-ſplendid Bow,
And Golden wing; delicious Boy!
That Sorrow ſtill allays with Joy.
Nor, wont at Nuptials to preſide,
† SHE, that of JOVE is SISTER-BRIDE!
Nor ‡ HE, on TUNEFULL || SUMMIT born
THE GOD, whom flow'ry Wreaths adorn!
Who, blooming Beauty tears away!
Bears off by Force the charming Prey!
From the reluctant Mother tears!
To the rapacious Lover bears!
Hour! long-deſir'd! Hour! long-delay'd!
THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH! THRICE-HAPPY MAID!

THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH! ſupremely bleſt!
Of ev'ry Wiſh in One poſſeſt!

---

* *Venus.* † *Juno.* ‡ *Hymen.* || *Helicon.*

Puella, ætheriâ beata formâ!
Qualem magna VENUS, *velitque* JUNO,
Et quæ cassîde MARTIA *refulget*
Sancto vertice procreata, PALLAS;
Si, junctæ, statuent adire valleis
Umbrosas iterum virentis IDÆ;
Quâ spectanda, vel HÆC, *vel* HÆC, *vel* ILLA,
(Quovis judicio) superba, malum,
Victrix, aureolum reportet astris.
O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

FELIX SPONSA! *cui cupitus Ardor*
Affusus modò lectulo in beato,
Stringet colla tenacibus lacertis,

Insigni Juvenis venustus ore!

Istis

To Thee, the MAID of Form Divine,
Comes, ſeeming-loath, but inly Thine,
Such Form! as JUNO's ſelf might chuſe;
Nor yet the MARTIAL MAID refuſe;
(Tho' THAT th' ÆTHERIAL Scepter ſways!
And THIS the ſhining Shield diſplays!)
Nor yet the CYPRIAN QUEEN diſdain;
Bent, to re-ſeek the PHRYGIAN SWAIN,
And Cauſe of Beauty re-decide;
In ſhady Vale of flow'ring IDE.
How ſure to gain the Golden Prize,
(Tho' judg'd by leſs-diſcerning Eyes)
She, in that matchleſs Form arraid?
THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH! THRICE-HAPPY MAID!

THRICE-HAPPY MAID! ſupremely bleſt!
Of ev'ry Wiſh in One poſſeſt!
To Thee, on Wings of LOVE and TRUTH,
Comes all-devote, the raptur'd YOUTH.
Thy bending Neck with eager Hold,
Thy Waiſte, impatient to in-fold.

While,

Iſtis qui roſeis tuis labellis,
Iſtis qui niveis tuis papillis,
Iſto qui rutilante crine tactus,
Iſto lumine qui loquace victus,
Jampridem tacito voratur igni.
Lentumque increpat, uſque & uſque, SOLEM;
Tardamque invocat, uſque & uſque, LUNAM.
O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

Votis, FERVIDE SPONSE, *parce votis;*
Et ſuſpiria mitte, mitte queſtus.
Tempus accelerat ſuâve. Mitis
Exaudit gemitus VENUS *Suorum.*
Condit CYNTHIUS *ora, condit ora;*
Seque gurgite perluens IBERO

Cedit

While, for that Hair of eaſy Flow!
While, for that Breaſt of Virgin Snow!
While, for that Lip of roſy Die!
While, for that ſweetly-ſpeaking Eye!
With ſilent Paſſion he expires;
And burns with ſtill-conſuming Fires.
Now PHÆBUS, ſlow to quit the Skies!
Now loit'ring PHÆBE, ſlow to riſe!
Perſiſts, alternate, to upbraid.
THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH! THRICE-HAPPY MAID!

Spare, YOUTH, your Vows, vain Off'rings, ſpare!
Forbear, your need-leſs Sighs, forbear!
Lo! Time, in ever-varying Race,
Brings on at laſt the wiſh'd-for Space.
Mild VENUS with propitious Ears,
The Sorrows of her Vot'ries hears.
While, CYNTHIUS, down the WESTERN Steeps,
Low-plunges in IBERIAN Deeps;

Cedit NOCTI-VAGÆ *locum* SORORI.
Et quo gratior haud relucet IGNIS
Conjunctis animis AMORE *dulci*,
Producit caput, emicatque CÆLO
Ductor HESPERUS *aureæ catervæ.*
O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

Jam VIRGO *Thalamum subibit; unde*
Ne VIRGO *redeat, Marite, cura.*
Jam VIRGO *niveïs locata sulcris*
Adventum cupiet tuum, tremetque;
Perfusa ingenuo rubore malas.
Forsan & Lachrymis genæ madebunt,
Et Suspiria fundet, & Querelas.
At tu nil remoratus, & Querelas,

Et

And quits, the ample Fields of Air,
To his NIGHT-WAND'RING SISTER's Care.
Than Whom, no Light more grateſull ſhines,
To Souls which MUTUAL-LOVE conjoins.
Not HE that leads the Stars along;
Brighteſt of all the glitt'ring Throng;
HESPER! with Golden Torch diſplaid!
THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH! THRICE-HAPPY MAID!

See! where the MAID, all-panting, lies!
(Ah! never more a MAID to riſe!)
And longs, yet trembles at thy Tread;
Her Cheeks perfus'd with decent Red;
Expreſſing-half her inward Flame!
Half-ſpringing from ingenuous Shame!
Tears from her Eyes, perhaps, may ſteal;
Her Joys the better to conceal;
Then, Sighs, with Grief un-real fraught,
Then, follow, Plaints of Wrongs un-thought.
But ceaſe not Thou with idle Fears;
For all her Plaints, or Sighs, or Tears.

Et Suſpiria, Lachrymaſque tolles;
Abſtergens oculos tuo ore; dulce
Murmur pro Querimoniis reponens.
O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

Ergo, membra ubi VIRGINIS *decoræ*
Felix candida lectulus fovebit;
(Membra! languidulo parata SOMNO!*)*
Et molli quoque te toro locatum,
Supra purpureos, beata, Reges
Supra conſtituet JOVEM, DIONE.
Mox te blandidicis parare Rixis,
Mox te molliculæ parare Pugnæ,
Motus occipies calore juſto:
Belli proſpera Signa non cruenti

Figens

Kiſs'd be the Tears from off her Eyes!
With tender Murmurs ſtop'd, her Sighs!
With Soothings ſoft her Plaints allay'd!
THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH! THRICE-HAPPY MAID!

The MAID, in decent Order plac'd;
With ev'ry Bridal Honor grac'd;
Thro' all her Limbs, begin to ſpread
The Glowings of the Genial Bed;
And languid Sleep diſpoſe to take!
Did not the YOUTH, more watchfull, wake;
And, the mild QUEEN of fierce Deſire,
With Warmth not diſproportion'd, fire:
Taught hence, nor purpled Kings to prize,
Nor ſcepter'd JOVE, that rules the Skies.
Soon for ſoft Combats He prepares,
And gentle Toils of am'rous Wars.
Declar'd, but with no loud Alarms!
Begun, but with no dreaded Arms!

Figens mille protervus hic et illic,

Collo BASIA *multa, multa mâlis;*

Labris BASIA *plura, plura ocellis.*

Repugnabit, & "Improbum" vocabit;

Et dicet; "Satis est" tremente voce;

Arcebitque manu proterva labra;

Propelletque manu manum protervam.

O! NOCTEM TER, ET AMPLIUS, BEATAM!

Pugnet, Strenua; pugnet, Illa. Pasci

Pugnando teneri volunt AMORES.

Pugnando tibi duplicatus ardor

Vireis sufficiet novas in arma.

Tunc, per candida colla, tunc, per illud

Quod certat ebori nitore pectus,

Nunc per crura tenella, perque ventrem,

KISSES! which, wanton as he ſtrays,
He darts a thouſand wanton Ways;
At Mouth or Neck, at Eyes or Cheeks.
HIM humbly SHE full-oft be-ſpeaks,
Intreats, "AN HELP-LESS MAID to ſpare!"
And begs, with trembling Voice, "FORBEAR!"
Full-oft his Rudeneſs loudly blames,
His bound-leſs Inſolence proclaims.
His Lips, with Lips averſe, withſtands,
With Hands, reſtrains his roving Hands.
Reſiſtance ſweet! Delicious Fight!
O! NIGHT! O! DOUBLY-HAPPY NIGHT!

CONTENTION obſtinate ſucceeds.
The tender LOVES CONTENTION feeds;
By That re-doubled Ardor burns!
By that re-doubled Strength re-turns.
Now ore her Neck take nimble Flight.
Her Breaſt as ſpotleſs Iv'ry white!
Her Waiſte of gradual-riſing Charms!
Soft-molded Legs! ſmooth-poliſh'd Arms!

Et quæ proxima ſunt & huic & illis,
Saltu volve agili manum ſalacem:
Et tot millia junge BASIORUM
Quot COELUM *rutilos tenebit Igneis.*
O! NOCTEM, QUATER ET QUATER, BEATAM!

Nec deſint tibi blandulæque voces;
Et quæcunque juvant perita verba;
Nec cum murmure ſibili ſuâves.

Qualeis, dant ZEPHYRO *ſonante blandùm,*
Frondes! Quale, columba! Quale, cygnus
Annoſus moriente ſpirat ore!
Donec victa potentibus ſagittis,
Et cæco PUERI VOLANTIS *igne,*
Paulatim, minùs & minùs, ſevera,
Ponet purpureum toro Pudorem;

Collum

Search all the Tracts, in curious Sport,
Conductive to the CYPRIAN-COURT.
Thro' all the dark Receſſes go,
And all the Shady Coverts know.
To this, un-number'd KISSES join,
Un-number'd as the Stars that ſhine,
Com-mingling Rays of blended Light.
O! NIGHT! O! DOUBLY-HAPPY NIGHT!

Then ſpare no Blandiſhments of LOVE.
Sounds, that with ſoft'ning Flatt'ry move!
Sighs, that with ſoothing Murmur pleaſe!
The Injur'd VIRGIN to appeaſe.
Such! as when ZEPHYR fans the Grove,
Or coo's, the am'rous-billing Dove.
Or ſings the Swan with tune-full Breath;
Conſcious of near-approaching DEATH!
Till pierc'd by CUPID's pow'rfull Dart,
As by-degrees re-lents her Heart,
The VIRGIN, leſs and leſs ſevere,
Quits, by-degrees, her ſtubborn Fear.

Now

Collum in brachia nexuosa dedens,
Collo brachia nexuosa stringens.
O! NOCTEM QUATER, O! QUATER BEATAM!

Tunc, tunc, OCULA *delicata sumes,*
Nullis contemerata quæ rapinis,
Hærebunt vario morata nexu.
Tunc lusus simileis, pareisque VIRGO
Reddet delicias; & assiduum
Jampridem patulo, licenter, ori
Committens, animæ libidinoso
Fragrantis cupidum beabit haustu.
Mox lusu quoque molliore ludens,
Dicet blanditias suâvieres,
Emittit digitos licentieres;
Finget nequitiam salaciorem.
O! NOCTEM, NIMIS ET NIMIS, BEATAM!

Tunc,

Now on your Arms her Neck re-clines;
Now with her Arms your Neck in-twines;
As LOVE's re-ſiſtleſs Flames in-cite.
O! NIGHT! O! DOUBLY-HAPPY NIGHT!

Sweet KISSES ſhall reward your Pains.
KISSES! which no rude Rapine ſtains!
From Lips on ſwelling Lips that ſwell!
From Lips on dwelling Lips that dwell!
That Play return with equal Play!
That Bliſs with equal Bliſs repay!
That vital Stores, from either Heart,
Imbibing, Soul for Soul impart.
'Till now the MAID, advent'rous grown,
Attempts new Frolics of her own.
Now, ſuffers, Strangers to the Way,
Her far more-daring Hands to ſtray.
Now Sports far more ſalacious ſeeks,
Now Words far more licentious ſpeaks.
Words! that paſt Suff'rings well-requite.
O! NIGHT! O! DOUBLY-HAPPY NIGHT!

Tunc, arma expedienda; tunc, "AD ARMA"
Et VENUS *vocat, & vocat* CUPIDO:
Tunc, in vulnera grata proruendum.
Huc, illuc, agilis feratur haſta;
Quam, crebro furibunda verſet ictu,
Non MARTIS SOROR, *aſt* AMICA MARTIS,
Semper læta novo cruore, CYPRIS.
Nec quies lateri laborioſo
Detur, mobilibus nec ulla coxis:
Donec deficiente voce anhelâ,
Donec deficientibus medullis,
Membris languidulis, madens uterque
Sudabit varii liquoris undas.
O! NOCTEM NIMIS, O! NIMIS, BEATAM!

Sudate ut libet, & dieſque longas
Nocteiſque exigite impotente luſu!

Et

To Arms! To Arms! now Cupid ſounds.
Now is the Time for gratefull Wounds.
Here Venus waves the nimble Spear.——
Venus is warlike Goddess here.
Here not thy Sister, Mars, preſides.
Thy Mistress in theſe Conflicts prides.
While cloſe-ingage the ſtrug'ling Foes,
And, reſt-leſs, Breaſt to Breaſt oppoſe.
While, eager, This diſputes the Field;
And That alike diſdains to yield.
'Till lo! in breath-leſs Tranſports toſt,
'Till in reſiſtleſs Raptures loſt,
Their Limbs with liquid Dews diſtill;
Their Hearts with pleaſing Horrors thrill;
And faint away in wild Delight.
O! Night! O! doubly-happy Night!

O! may You oft theſe Sports re-new,
And thro' long Days and Nights purſue!
With many an early Moon begun!
Prolong'd to many a ſetting Sun!

May

Et brevi date Liberosque dulceis,
Et longo ordine blandulos Nepotes,
Quæ vobis Senii minuta turba
Olim sollicitos levabit Annos;
Arcebit querulos toro Dolores;
Languentum tremulos fovebit Artus;
Componet tumulo pios Parentes.

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

May a fair Off-ſpring crown your Joys,
Of prattling Girls, and ſmiling Boys!
And yet another Off-ſpring riſe!
Sweet Objects to Parental Eyes!
The Cares, aſſiduous to aſſwage,
That ſtill ſolicite querulous Age.
Carefull, your trembling Limbs to ſtay,
That fail with un-perceiv'd Decay.
Pious, when ſummon'd hence you go,
The laſt kind Office to beſtow.
Office! with un-feign'd Sorrow paid!
THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH! THRICE-HAPPY MAID!

THE KISSES OF JOANNES SECUNDUS.

Talis Ioannes oculis eram & ore Secundus,
Festinans quintam claudere Olympiadem:
Prævenit cita mors; at, docti dextra Scorelli,
Quam dederat, vitam lædere non potuit.

Hadr. Marius frater.

JOANNIS SECUNDI BASIA.

THE

KISSES

OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS.

JOANNIS SECUNDI

BASIA.

BASIA.

BASIA.

BASIUM I.

CUM VENUS ASCANIUM *super alta* CYTHERA *tulisset,*

Sopitum teneris impoſuit violis;

(Cum Venus Aſcanium) from *Virgil.*

At Venus Aſcanio *placidam per membra quietem*
Irrigat: et fotum gremio Dea *tollit in altos*
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis Amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci aſpirans complectitur umbrâ.

VIRG. Æneid. lib. I.

Albarum

KISSES.

KISS I.

WHEN young ASCANIUS, by the QUEEN OF LOVE,
Was borne to ſweet CYTHERA's lofty Grove;
His languid Limbs upon a Couch ſhe laid,
A fragrant Couch! of new-blown Vi'lets made;

The *Goddeſs* then to young *Aſcanius* flies,
And in a pleaſing Slumber ſeals his Eyes;
Lull'd in her Lap, amidſt a Train of Loves,
She gently bears him to her bliſsful Groves;
Then with a Wreath of Myrtle crowns his Head,
And ſoftly lays him on a flow'ry Bed.

DRYDEN.

Albarum nimbos circumfudique roſarum,
Et totum liquido ſparſit odore locum.

Mox veteres animo revocavit ADONIDIS *igneis,*
Notus & irrepſit ima per oſſa calor.

O, quoties voluit circundare colla nepotis?
O, quoties dixit? "Talis ADONIS *erat!"?*

Sed placidam PUERI *metuens turbare quietem,*
Fixit vicinis BASIA *mille roſis.*

Ecce calent illæ, cupidæque per ora DIONES
Aura, ſuſurranti flamine, lenta fubit.

Quoque

The bliſsful Bow'r with ſhadowing Roſes crown'd,
And balmy-breathing Airs diffus'd around.

The ſleeping YOUTH in ſilence ſhe admir'd;
And with Remembrance of ADONIS fir'd,
Her wonted Flames in fiercer Tides return'd,
Thrill'd in each Vein, and in her Boſom burn'd.
How oft ſhe wiſh'd, as ſhe ſurvey'd his Charms,
Around his Neck to throw her eager Arms;
Oft would ſhe ſay, admiring ev'ry Grace,
"Such was ADONIS! ſuch his lovely Face!"
But fearing, leſt ſuch fond exceſs of Joy
Might break the ſlumber of the BEAUTEOUS BOY;
On ev'ry Roſe-bud, that around him blow'd,
A Thouſand nectar'd KISSES ſhe beſtow'd;
And ſtrait each op'ning Bud, which late was white,
Bluſh'd a warm Crimſon to th' aſtoniſh'd Sight;
Still in DIONE's Breaſt ſoft Wiſhes riſe,
Soft Wiſhes! vented by ſoft-whiſper'd Sighs!

Quotque rosas tetigit, tot BASIA *nata repentè*
Gaudia reddebant multiplicata DEÆ.

At CYTHEREA *natans niveïs per nubila Cygnis,*
Ingentis terræ cœpit obire globum.

TRIPTOLEMIQUE *modo, fœcundis* OSCULA *glebis*
Sparsit, & ignotos ter dedit ore sonos.

Inde seges felix nata est mortalibus ægris;
Inde medela meis unica nata malis.

Salvete

Thus, by her Lips unnumber'd Roſes preſs'd,
KISSES unfolding in ſweet bloom, confeſs'd;
And, fluſh'd with Rapture at each new-born KISS,
She felt her ſwelling Soul o'erwhelm'd in Bliſs.

Now, from this Orb to Realms of brighter Day
The Car-drawn GODDESS ſpeeds her airy Way;
As in gay pomp the harneſs'd Cygnets fly,
Their ſnow-white Pinions glitter thro' the Sky:
And like TRIPTOLEMUS, whoſe bounteous Hand
Strew'd golden Plenty o'er the fertile Land;
Fair CYTHEREA, as ſhe flew along,
O'er the vaſt Lap of Nature KISSES flung;
Pleas'd from on high ſhe view'd th' enchanted Ground,
And from her Lips thrice fell a magic Sound:
HE, gave to Mortals Corn on ev'ry Plain;
But SHE, thoſe Sweets which mitigate my Pain.

Hail

Salvete æternùm, miseræ moderamina flammæ,
Humida de gelidis BASIA *nata rosis.*

En ego sum, vestri quo VATE *canentur honores,*
Nota MEDUSÆI *dum juga montis erunt,*

Et memor ÆNEADUM *stirpisque difertus amatæ,*
Mollia ROMULIDUM *verba loquetur* AMOR.

(*Nota Meduſæi dum juga, &c.*) *Parnaſſus*, the *Muſes' Hill* was ſaid to have two Summits; in the Cleft between which, if any one ſlept, he preſently became a Poet. *Perſius* gives the Epithet *biceps* to this Mountain.

Hail then ye KISSES! that can beſt aſſuage
The Pangs of Love, and ſoften all its Rage!
Ye balmy KISSES! that from Roſes ſprung!
Roſes! on which the Lips of VENUS hung!
Lo! I'm the BARD who ſhall your Fame rehearſe,
Long as the MUSES' HILL ſhall live in Verſe;
And LOVE tranſported with the LATIAN Name,
With that dear Race from which your Lineage came,
In LATIAN Strains ſhall ſweetly ſing your Praiſe,
And boaſt your lofty Birth to future Days.

BASIUM II.

VICINA quantùm vitis lascivit in ulmo,
Et tortiles per ilicem
Brachia proceram stringunt immensa corimbi;
Tantùm, NEÆRA, *si queas*
In mea nexilibus proserpere colla lacertis;
Tali, NEÆRA, *si queam*
Candida perpetuùm nexu tua colla ligare,
Jungens perenne BASIUM.
Tunc me nec CERERIS, *nec amici cura* LYÆI,
SOPORIS *aut amabilis,*

Vita

KISS II.

AS round ſome neighb'ring Elm, the Vine
Its circling Branches loves to twine;
As round the Oak, in many a maze,
The devious-creeping Ivy ſtrays:
Thus! let me to your ſnowy Breaſt
My dear NEÆRA! thus, be preſt;
While I as fondly in my Arms,
NEÆRA! claſp thy yielding Charms:
And, with one long, long KISS improve
Our mutual Extaſies of Love.

Should CERES pour her plenteous Hoard,
Should BACCHUS crown the feſtive Board,
Should balmy SLEEP luxurious ſpread
His downy Pinions o'er my Head;
Yet not for theſe my Joys I'd break,
For theſe! thy vermil Lips forſake.

At

Vita, tuo de purpureo divelleret ore:

Sed mutuis in oſculis

Deſectos, ratis una duos portaret Amanteis
Ad pallidam DITIS *domum.*

Mox per odoratos campos, & perpetuum ver
Produceremur in loca,

(*Mox per odoratos Campos,*) this Deſcription of *Elyſium* ſeems to be imitated from *Tibullus.*

Hic choreæ, cantuſque vigent, paſſimque vagantes
Dulce ſonant tenui gutture carmen aves.
Fert caſiam non culta ſeges, totoſque per agros
Floret odoratis terra benigna roſis.
Hic juvenum ſeries teneris immiſta puellis
Ludit, & aſſidue prælia miſcet Amor.
Illic eſt cuicumque rapax mors venit amanti,
Et gerit inſigni myrtea ſerta coma.

TIBULL. Lib. I. Eleg. 3.

Semper

At length, when ruthleſs Age denies
A longer Bliſs, and ſeals our Eyes;
One Bark ſhall waft our Spirits o'er
United, to the STYGIAN Shore:
Then paſſing thro' a tranſient Night,
We'll enter ſoon thoſe Fields of Light;
Where, breathing richeſt Odours round,
A Spring eternal paints the Ground:

There Joy and ceaſeleſs Revelry prevail;
There ſoothing Muſick floats on ev'ry Gale;
There painted Warblers hop from Spray to Spray,
And, wildly-pleaſing, ſwell the gen'ral Lay:
There ev'ry Hedge, untaught, with Caſſia blooms,
And ſcents the ambient Air with rich Perfumes:
There ev'ry Mead, a various Plenty yields;
There laviſh *Flora* paints the purple Fields:
With ceaſeleſs Light a brighter *Phœbus* glows,
No Sickneſs tortures, and no Ocean flows;
But Youths aſſociate with the gentle Fair,
And ſtung with Pleaſure, to the Shade repair:
With them Love wanders whereſo'er they ſtray;
Provokes to Rapture, and inflames the Play:
But chief, the conſtant Few, by Death betray'd,
Reign, crown'd with Myrtle, Monarchs of the Shade.

GRAINGER.

Where

Semper ubi, antiquis in amoribus, HEROINAE,
HEROAS *inter nobileis,*

Aut ducunt choreas, alternave carmina lætæ,
In val'e cantant myrteâ.

Quà violisque, rosisque, & flavi-comis narcissis,
Umbraculis trementibus

Illudit lauri nemus; & crepitante susurro
Tepidi suâvè sibilant.

Æternùm ZEPHYRI: *nec vomere saucia* TELLUS
Fœcunda solvit ubera.

Turba

Where Heroes once in Valour prov'd,
And beauteous Heroines once belov'd,
Again with mutual Paſſion burn,
Feel all their wonted Flames return;
And now in ſportive meaſures tread
The flow'ry Carpet of the Mead;
Now ſing the jocund, tuneful Tale
Alternate in the Myrtle Vale:
Where ceaſeleſs Zephyrs fan the Glades
Soft-murm'ring thro' the Laurel Shade;
Beneath whoſe waving Foliage grow,
The Vi'let ſweet of purple glow,
The Daffodil that breathes perfume,
And Roſes of immortal bloom:
Where Earth her Gifts ſpontaneous yields,
Nor Plough-ſhare cuts th' unfurrow'd Fields.

Turba BEATORUM *nobis assurgeret omnis;*
Inque herbidis sedilibus,

Inter MÆONIDAS *primâ nos sede locarent:*
Nec ulla Amatricum JOVIS

Præ-repto cedens indignaretur honore;
Nec vota TYNDARIS JOVE.

Soon as we enter theſe Abodes
Of happy Souls, of Demi-Gods:
The BLEST ſhall all reſpectful riſe,
And view us with admiring Eyes;
Shall ſeat us 'mid th' immortal Throng;
Where I, renown'd for tender Song,
A POET's and a LOVER's Praiſe
At once ſhall gain, and claim the Bays;
While THOU, enthron'd above the reſt,
Wilt ſhine in Beauty's Train confeſs'd:
Nor ſhall the MISTRESSES of JOVE
Such partial Honours diſapprove,
E'en HELEN, tho' of RACE DIVINE,
Will to thy Charms her Rank reſign.

BASIUM III.

"Dà mihi SUAVIOLUM *(dicebam) blanda Puella!"*
Libâsti labris mox mea labra tuis.

Inde, velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
Ora repentè meo vellis ab orè procul.

Non hoc SUAVIOLUM *dare,* LUX MEA, *sed dare tantùm*
Est Desiderium flebile SUAVIOLI.

KISS III.

"ONE little Kiss, ſweet Maid!" (I cry,)—
And round my Neck your Arms you twine,
Your luſcious Lips of crimſon Dye
With rapt'rous Haſte encounter mine:

Then from my fond Embrace you ſpring,
And ſnatch your balmy Mouth away;
So from the Serpent's vengeful Sting
The Ruſtic ſtarts in wild Diſmay:

Is this to grant the wiſh'd-for KISS?—
Ah! no MY LOVE—'tis but to fire
The Boſom with a TRANSIENT BLISS,
Enflaming unallay'd Deſire.

BASIUM IV.

NON dat BASIA, *dat* NEÆRA *Nectar,*
Dat Rores animæ suâvè-olenteis,
Dat Nardumque, Thymumque, Cinnamumque,
Et Mel, quale jugis legunt HYMETTI,
Aut in CECROPIIS *apes rosetis;*
Atque, hinc virgineis & inde ceris,
Septum vimineo tegunt quasillo.

(*Non dat Basia, dat Neæra Nectar,*) the following *Greek Epigram* seems to have furnished *Secundus* with this Thought.

Κȣρη τις μ' εφιλησε ποθεσπερα χειλεσιν ὑγροις.
Νεκταρ εην το φιλημα· το γαρ ςομα νεκταρος επνει.
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα πεπωκως.

ANTHOLOG:

Quæ,

KISS IV.

'TIS not a KISS you give MY LOVE,
'Tis richeſt Nectar from above!
A fragrant Show'r of balmy Dews,
Which only Lips like thine diffuſe!
'Tis ev'ry aromatic Breeze,
That wafts from AFRIC's ſpicy Trees!
'Tis Honey from the ozier Hive,
Which chymiſt Bees with care derive
From all the newly-open'd Flow'rs,
That bloom in CECROPS' roſeate Bow'rs;
Or from the breathing Sweets that grow
On fam'd HYMETTUS' thymy Brow:

Phillis the gay, in Robe of Beauty dreſt,
Late on my Lips a humid *Kiſs* impreſt;
The *Kiſs* was Nectar which the Fair beſtow'd,
For in her am'rous Breath a Gale of Nectar flow'd.
What Love, ye Gods! what Raptures in her *Kiſs!*
My Soul was drunk with Extaſy of Bliſs.

Quæ, si multa mihi voranda dentur,
Immortalis in his repentè fiam,
Magnorumque epulis fruar DEORUM.

Sed tu munere parce, parce tali,
Aut mecum DEA *fac,* NEÆRA, *fias.*
Non mensas sine te volo DEORUM.

Non; si me rutilis præesse REGNIS
Excluso JOVE, DII DEÆQUE *cogant.*

But if ſuch KISSES you beſtow,
If from your Lips ſuch Raptures flow,
Thus bleſt! ſupremely bleſt by thee!
Ere long I muſt Immortal be;
Muſt taſte on Earth thoſe Joys that wait
The Banquets of CELESTIAL STATE.
Then ceaſe thy Bounty, DEAREST FAIR!
Such precious Gifts, then ſpare! oh ſpare!
Or, if I muſt Immortal prove,
Be thou Immortal too, MY LOVE!
For, ſhould the HEAV'NLY POW'RS requeſt
My Preſence at th'ambroſial Feaſt;
Nay, ſhould they JOVE himſelf dethrone,
And yield to me his radiant Crown;
I'd ſcorn it all, nor wou'd I deign
O'er golden REALMS OF BLISS to reign;
JOVE's radiant Crown I'd ſcorn to wear,
Unleſs thou might'ſt ſuch Honours ſhare;
Unleſs thou too, with equal Sway,
Might'ſt rule with me the REALMS OF DAY.

BASIUM V.

DUM me mollibus, hinc & hinc, lacertis

Aſtrictum premis, imminenſque toto

Collo, pectore, lubricoque vultu,

Dependes humeris, NEÆRA, noſtris:

Componenſque meis labella labris,

Et morſu petis & gemis remorſa;

Et linguam tremulam, hinc & inde, vibras;

Et linguam querulam, hinc & inde, fugis;

Aſpirans

KISS V.

WHILE you, NEÆRA, cloſe entwine
In frequent Folds your Frame with mine:
And hanging o'er, to view conſeſt,
Your Neck, and gently-heaving Breaſt;
Down on my Shoulders ſoft decline
Your Beauties more than half divine;
With wand'ring Looks that o'er me rove,
And fire the melting Soul with Love.

While you, NEÆRA, fondly join
Your little pouting Lips with mine;
And frolic bite your am'rous Swain,
Complaining ſoft if bit again;
And ſweetly-murm'ring pour along
The trembling Accents of your Tongue,
Your Tongue! now here now there that ſtrays,
Now here now there delighted plays;
That now my humid KISSES ſips,
Now wanton darts between my Lips:

And

Aſpirans animæ ſuâvis auram

Mollem, dulci-ſonam, humidam, meæque

Altricem miſeræ, NEÆRA, *vitæ :*

Hauriens animam meam caducam,

Flagrantem, nimio vapore coctam,

Coctam ! pectoris im-potentis æſtu ;

Eludiſque meas, NEÆRA, *flammas,*

Flabro pectoris haurientis æſtum,

O ! JUCUNDA MEI CALORIS AURA :

Tunc,

And on my Boſom raptur'd lie;
Venting the gently-whiſper'd Sigh,
A Sigh! that kindles warm Deſires,
And kindly fans Life's drooping Fires,
Soft as the Zephyr's breezy Wing,
And balmy as the Breath of Spring.

While you, SWEET NYMPH! with am'rous Play
In KISSES ſuck my Breath away;
My Breath! with waſting Warmth replete,
Parch'd by my Breaſt's contagious Heat;
Till, breathing-ſoft, you pour again
Returning Life thro' ev'ry Vein;
And thus elude my Paſſion's Rage,
Love's burning Fever thus aſſuage.

SWEET NYMPH! whoſe SWEETS can beſt allay
Thoſe Fires that on my Boſom prey,
SWEET! as the cool refreſhing Gale,
That blows when ſcorching Heats prevail.

Then

Tunc, dico; "DEUS *est* AMOR *Deorum!*

"*Et nullus* DEUS *est* AMORE *major!*

"*Si Quisquam tamen est* AMORE *major;*

"*Tu, Tu, sola mihi es,* NEÆRA, *major!*"

Then, more than bleſt, I fondly ſwear,
"No Pow'r can with Love's Pow'r compare!
"None in the ſtarry Court of Jove
"Is greater than the God of Love!
"If any can yet greater be,
"Yes, my Neæra! yes, 'tis Thee!"

BASIUM VI.

DE meliore notâ bis BASIA *mille petiscens,*
BASIA *mille dedi,* BASIA *mille tuli.*

Explêsti numerum, fateor, jucunda NEÆRA!
Expleri numero sed nequit ullus AMOR.

Quis laudet CERERE*M numeratis surgere aristis?*
Gramen in irriguâ quis numeravit humo?

Quis tibi, BACCHE, *tulit pro centum vota racemis?*
AGRICOLUMVE DEUM *mille poposcit apeis?*

(*Agricolumve Deum*) *Aristæus*, one of the rural Deities, who is said to have first discovered the Use of Honey.

Cùm

KISS VI.

TWO THOUSAND KISSES of the ſweeteſt Kind,
'Twas once agreed, our mutual Love ſhou'd bind;
Firſt from my Lips a rapt'rous THOUSAND flow'd,
Then you a THOUSAND in your turn beſtow'd;
The promis'd NUMBERS were fulfill'd I own,
But LOVE ſuffic'd with NUMBERS ne'er was known!
What Mortal ſtrives to count each ſpringing Blade,
That ſpreads the Surface of a graſſy Mead?
Who prays for number'd Ears of rip'ning Grain,
When laviſh CERES yellows o'er the Plain?
Or to a ſcanty Hundred wou'd confine
The cluſt'ring Grapes, when BACCHUS loads the Vine?
Who aſks the GUARDIAN OF THE HONIED STORE
To grant a Thouſand Bees, and grant no more?

Cùm pius irrorat ſitienteis JUPPITER *agros,*
Deciduæ guttas non numeramus aquæ.

Sic quoque, cùm ventis concuſſus inhorruit aër,
Sumpſit & iratâ JUPPITER *arma manu,*

Grandine confuſâ Terras & Cærula pulſat,
Securus ſternat quot ſata, quotve locis.

Seu bona, ſeu mala ſunt, veniunt uberrima COELO:
Majeſtas Domui convenit illa JOVIS.

Tu quoque cùm DEA *ſis,* DIVA *formoſior illâ,*
Concha per æquoreum quam vaga ducit iter;

(Divâ formoſior illâ) Venus.

Or tells the Drops, while o'er ſome thirſty Field
The LIQUID STORES are from above diſtill'd?
When JOVE with Fury hurls the moulded Hail,
And Earth and Sea deſtructive Storms aſſail;
Or when he bids from his tempeſtuous Sky,
The Winds unchain'd with waſting Horror fly;
THE GOD ne'er heeds what Harveſts he may ſpoil,
Nor yet regards each deſolated Soil:
So, when its Bleſſings BOUNTEOUS HEAV'N ordains,
It ne'er with ſparing Hand the GOOD reſtrains;
EVILS in like Abundance too it ſhow'rs;
Well ſuits Profuſion with IMMORTAL POW'RS!
Then ſince ſuch Gifts with heav'nly Minds agree,
Shed, GODDESS-LIKE, your Blandiſhments on me;
And ſay, NEÆRA! for that Form divine
Speaks Thee deſcended of ÆTHERIAL Line;
Say, GODDESS! than that GODDESS lovelier far,
Who roams o'er Ocean in her pearly Car;

BASIA *cur numero*, COELESTIA DONA, *coërces?*
Nec numeras gemitus, dura PUELLA, *meos?*

Nec Lachrymas numeras, quæ per faciemque, sinumque,
Duxerunt rivos semper-euntis aquæ?

Si numeras Lachrymas, numeres licet OSCULA, *sed si*
Non numeras Lachrymas, OSCULA *ne numeres.*

Et mihi da, miseri SOLATIA VANA *doloris,*
Innumera innumeris BASIA *pro Lachrymis.*

Your KISSES, BOONS CELESTIAL! why with-
hold?
Or why, by ſcanty Numbers are they told?
Still you ne'er count hard-hearted MAID thoſe
Sighs,
Which in my lab'ring Breaſt inceſſant riſe;
Nor yet thoſe lucid Drops of tender Woe,
Which down my Cheeks in quick ſucceſſion flow.
Yes, DEAREST LIFE! your KISSES number all;
And number too my ſorrowing Tears that fall:
Or, if you count not all the Tears, MY FAIR!
To count the KISSES ſure you muſt forbear.
But let thy Lips now ſooth a Lover's Pain,
(Yet Griefs like mine what SOOTHINGS ſhall
reſtrain!)
If Tears unnumber'd Pity can regard,
Unnumber'd KISSES muſt each Tear reward.

BASIUM VII.

CENTUM BASIA *centies,*
Centum BASIA *millies,*
Mille BASIA *millies,*
Et tot MILLIA *millies,*
Quot Guttæ SICULO *mari,*
Quot ſunt Sidera COELO,

Iſtis purpureis GENIS,
Iſtis turgidulis LABRIS,
OCELLISQUE *loquàculis,*
Ferrem continuo impetu,
O formoſa NEÆRA!

Sed dum totus inhæreo
Conchatim roſeis GENIS,
Conchatim rutilis LABRIS,

OCEL-

KISS VII.

KISSES told by HUNDREDS o'er!
THOUSANDS told by THOUSANDS more!
MILLIONS! countleſs MILLIONS! then,
Told by MILLIONS o'er again!
Countleſs! as the Drops that glide
In the OCEAN's billowy Tide,
Countleſs! as yon Orbs of Light
Spangled o'er the Vault of NIGHT,
I'll with ceaſeleſs Love beſtow
On thoſe CHEEKS of crimſon glow,
On thoſe LIPS of gentle ſwell,
On thoſe EYES where Raptures dwell.

But when circled in thy Arms;
As I'm panting o'er thy Charms;
O'er thy CHEEKS of roſy bloom;
O'er thy LIPS that breathe Perfume;

OCELLISQUE *loquaculis,*

Non datur tua cernere

LABRA, *non roſeas* GENAS,

OCELLOSQUE *loquaculos,*

Molleis nec mihi RISUS;

Qui, velut nigra diſcutit

COELO *nubila* CYNTHIUS,

Pacatumque per Æthera

Gemmatis in equis micat,

Flavo lucidus orbe;

Sic NUTU *eminus aureo*

Et meis lachrymas genis,

Et curas animo meo,

Et ſuſpiria pellunt:

Heu!

O'er thine EYES ſo ſweetly-bright,
Shedding-ſoft expreſſive Light:
Then; nor CHEEKS of roſy bloom,
Nor thy LIPS that breathe Perfume,
Nor thine EYES' expreſſive Light,
Bleſs thy Lover's envious Sight;
Nor that ſoothing SMILE, which chears
All his tender Hopes and Fears:
For, as radiant PHOEBUS ſtreams
O'er the Globe with placid Beams,
Whirling thro' th'ÆTHERIAL WAY,
Swift, the blazing Car of Day;
And, from the tempeſtuous Sky,
While the rapid Courſers fly,
All the ſtormy Clouds are driv'n,
Which deform'd the Face of Heav'n:
So, thy golden SMILE, MY FAIR!
Chaſes ev'ry am'rous Care;
Dries the Torrents of mine Eyes;
Calms my fond, tumultuous Sighs.

Oh!

Heu! quæ sunt Oculis *meis*
Nata prælia cum Labris?
Ergo ego mihi vel Jovem
Rivalem potero pati?
Rivales Oculi *mei*
Non ferunt mea Labra.

(*Ergo ego mihi vel Jovem*) *Propertius* speaks to the same purpose, thus.

Rivalem possum non ego ferre Jovem.
Propert. Eleg. 32. Lib. 2.

Oh! how emulous the Strife
'Twixt my LIPS and EYES, SWEET LIFE!
Of thy Charms are THESE poſſeſt,
THOSE are envious till they're bleſt:
Think not then that, in my Love,
I'll be rivall'd e'en by JOVE;
When ſuch jealous Conflicts riſe
'Twixt my very LIPS and EYES.

What tho' 'twere *Jove*, no Rival cou'd I bear.

BASIUM VIII.

QUIS te furor, NEÆRA,
INEPTA, *quis jubebat*
Sic involare, noſtram
Sic vellicare LINGUAM,
Ferociente morſu?

An, quas tot unus abs te
Pectus per omne geſto
Penetrabileis Sagittas,
Parum videntur? iſtis
Ni Dentibus protervis
Exerceas nefandum
Membrum nefas in illud?
Quo! ſæpè SOLE *primo,*
Quo! ſæpè SOLE *ſero,*
Quo! per DIESQUE *longas,*
NOCTEISQUE *amarulentas,*
Laudes tuas canebam?

Hæc

KISS VIII.

AH! what ungovern'd RAGE declare
NEÆRA, too capricious FAIR?
What unreveng'd, unguarded Wrong,
Could urge Thee thus to wound my TONGUE?

Perhaps you deem th'afflictive Pains
Too trifling, which my Heart ſuſtains;
Nor think enough my Boſom ſmarts
With all the ſure, deſtructive Darts
Inceſſant ſped from ev'ry Charm;
That thus your wanton Teeth muſt harm,
Muſt harm that little tuneful THING,
Which wont ſo oft thy Praiſe to ſing;
What time the MORN has ſtreak'd the Skies,
Or EV'NING's faded Radiance dies;
Thro' painful DAYS conſuming-ſlow,
Thro' ling'ring NIGHTS of am'rous Woe.

This

Hæc est, INIQUA, *(nescis?)*
Hæc, illa LINGUA *nostra est,*
Quæ, tortileis capillos,
Quæ, pætulos ocellos,
Quæ, lacteas papillas,
Quæ, colla mollicella,
Venustulæ NEÆRÆ,
Molli per astra versu,
Ultra JOVIS *calores,*
COELO *invidente, vexit.*

Quæ, te meam Salutem
Quæ, te meamque Vitam,
Animæ meæque Florem,
Et te meos Amores,
Et te meos Lepores,
Et te meam DIONEM,
Et te meam Columbam,
Albamque Turturillam,
VENERE *invidente, dixit.*

An

This TONGUE, thou know'ſt, has oft extoll'd
Thy Hair in ſhining Ringlets roll'd;
Thine Eyes with tender Paſſion bright;
Thy ſwelling Breaſt of pureſt white;
Thy taper Neck of poliſh'd grace;
And all the Beauties of thy Face;
Beyond the lucid Orbs above,
Beyond the ſtarry Throne of JOVE;
Extoll'd them in ſuch lofty Lays!
That GODS with Envy heard the Praiſe.

Oft has it call'd Thee ev'ry Name,
Which boundleſs Rapture taught to frame;
My Life! my Joy! my Soul's Deſire!
All that my Wiſh cou'd e'er require!
My pretty VENUS! and my Love!
My gentle Turtle! and my Dove!
Till CYPRIA's ſelf with Envy heard
Each partial, each endearing Word.

Say,

An verò, an eſt id ipſum
Quod te juvat, SUPERBA,
Inferre Vulnus illi,
Quam, læſione nullâ,
FORMOSA, *poſſe, noſti,*
Irâ tumere tantâ,
Quin ſemper hos ocellos;
Quin ſemper hæc labella;
Et, qui ſibi, ſalaceis,
Malum dedêre, denteis,
Inter ſuos cruores
Balbutiens, recantet?
O! VIS SUPERBA FORMÆ!

Say, BEAUTEOUS TYRANT! do'ſt delight
To wound this Tongue in wanton ſpite?
Becauſe, alas! too well aware,
That ev'ry Wrong it yet cou'd bear
Ne'er urg'd it once in angry Strain
Of thy Unkindneſs to complain;
But ſuff'ring patient all its Harms,
Still wou'd it ſing thy matchleſs Charms;
Sing! the ſoft Luſtre of thine Eye;
Sing! thy ſweet Lips of roſy Dye;
Nay, ſtill thoſe guilty Teeth 'twould ſing!
Whence all its cruel Miſchiefs ſpring:
E'en now it liſps in fault'ring Lays,
While yet it bleeds, NEÆRA's Praiſe:
Thus, BEAUTEOUS TYRANT! you controul,
Thus ſway my fond, enamour'd Soul!

BASIUM IX.

NON ſemper udum da mihi BASIUM,
Nec juncta blandis ſibila riſibus,
Nec ſemper in meum recumbe
Implicitum, moribunda, collum.

Menſura rebus eſt ſua dulcibus.
Ut quodque menteis ſuaviùs afficit,
Faſtidium ſic triſte ſecum
Limite proximiore ducit.

Quum te rogabo ter tria BASIA;
Tu deme ſeptem, nec niſi da duo,
Utrumque nec longum, nec udum:
Qualia, teli-gero DIANA

Dat

KISS IX.

CEASE thy ſweet, thy balmy KISSES;
Ceaſe thy many-wreathed Smiles;
Ceaſe thy melting, murm'ring Bliſſes;
Ceaſe thy fond, bewitching Wiles;

On my Boſom ſoft-reclin'd,
Ceaſe to pour thy tender Joys:
Pleaſure's limits are confin'd,
Pleaſure oft repeated cloys.

Sparingly your Bounty uſe,
When I aſk for KISSES NINE;
SEV'N at leaſt you muſt refuſe,
And let only Two be mine:

Yet let THESE be neither long,
Nor delicious Sweets reſpire!
But like Thoſe which VIRGINS young
Artleſs give their aged Sire:

Dat casta FRATRI ! *Qualia, dat patri*
Experta nullos nata CUPIDINES !
Mox è meis, LASCIVA, *ocellis*
Curre procùl natitante plantâ :

Et te remotis in penetralibus,
Et te latebris abdito in intimis :
Sequar latebras usque in imas,
In penetrale sequar repôstum ;

Prædamque, Victor fervidus, in meam
Utrinque herileis injiciens manus,
Raptabo ; ut imbellem columbam
Unguibus accipiter re curvis.

Such! as, with a Sister's Love,
Beautëous DIAN may bestow
On the radiant SON OF JOVE,
PHOEBUS of the silver Bow.

Bounding-light with wanton Grace,
Now my Lips disorder'd fly;
And in some retir'd Place
Hide thee from my searching Eye:

Each Recess I'll traverse o'er,
Where I think thou liest conceal'd,
Ev'ry Covert I'll explore,
Till my WANTON's all reveal'd:

Then in sportive, am'rous Play,
Victor-like I'll seize my LOVE;
Seize thee! as the Bird of Prey
Pounces on a trembling Dove.

Tu de-precanteis, victa, dabis manus,
Hærenſque, totis, pendula, brachiis,
Placare me ſeptem jocoſis
BASIOLIS *cupies*, INEPTA!

Errabis;— illud crimen ut eluam,
Septena jungam BASIA *ſepties,*
Atque hoc catenatis lacertis
Impediam, FUGITIVA, *cellum.*

Dum, per-ſolutis omnibus OSCULIS,
Jurabis omneis per VENERES *tuas,*
Te ſæpiùs pœnas eoſdem
Crimine velle pari ſubire.

Now your Arms ſubmiſſive-raiſing,
Round my Neck thoſe Arms you'll throw;
Now SEV'N KISSES ſweetly-pleaſing
For your Freedom you'll beſtow:

But thoſe venal SEV'N are vain;—
SEV'N-TIMES-SEV'N's the Price, SWEET MAID!
Thou my PRIS'NER ſhalt remain,
Till the balmy Ranſom's paid:

Paying then the Forfeit due,
By thy much-lov'd BEAUTIES ſwear;
Faults like theſe you'll ſtill purſue,
Faults! which KISSES can repair.

BASIUM X.

NON ſunt certa meam moveant quæ BASIA *mentem;*
Uda labris udis conſeris, uda juvant.

Nec ſua BASIOLIS *non eſt quoque gratia ſiccis;*
Fluxit ab his tepidus ſæpè ſub oſſa vapor.

Dulce quoque eſt oculis nutantibus OSCULA *ferre,*
Autoreſque ſui demeruiſſe mali:

Sive genis totis, totîve incumbere collo,
Seu niveïs humeris, ſeu ſinui niveo:

Et totas livore genas, collumque notare,
Candiduloſque humeros, candidulumque ſinum.

Seu

KISS X.

IN various KISSES various Charms I find,
For changeful Fancy loves each changeful Kind:
Whene'er with mine thy humid Lips unite,
Then humid KISSES with their Sweets delight;
From ardent Lips ſo ardent KISSES pleaſe,
For glowing Tranſports often ſpring from Theſe.
What Joy! to KISS thoſe Eyes that wanton rove,
Then catch the Glances of returning Love:
Or clinging to the Cheek of crimſon glow,
The Boſom, Shoulder, or the Neck of Snow;
What Pleaſure! tender Paſſion to aſſuage;
And ſee the Traces of our am'rous Rage
On the ſoft Neck, or blooming Cheek expreſt,
On the white Shoulder, or ſtill whiter Breaſt.

'Twixt

Seu labris querulis titubantem fugere linguam,
Et miſcere duas junctia per ora animas,

Inque peregrinum diffundere corpus utranque;
Languet in extremo cum moribundus AMOR.

Me breve, me longum capiet, laxumque, tenaxque,
Seu mihi das, ſeu do, LUX, *tibi* BASIOLUM.

QUALIA *ſed ſumes, nunquam mihi* TALIA *redde:*
Diverſis varium ludat uterque modis.

At quem deficiet varianda figura priorem,
Legem ſubmiſſis audiat hanc oculis.

'Twixt yielding Lips, in ev'ry thrilling Kiss,
To dart the trembling Tongue — what matchleſs
Bliſs!
Inhaling-ſweet each other's mingling Breath,
While Love lies gaſping in the Arms of Death;
While Soul with Soul in Extaſy unites,
Intranc'd, impaſſion'd with the fond Delights.
From thee receiv'd, or giv'n to thee, MY LOVE!
Alike to me thoſe KISSES grateful prove;
The KISS that's rapid, or prolong'd with Art,
The fierce, the gentle equal Joys impart:
But mark —— be all my KISSES, BEAUTEOUS
MAID!
With diff'rent KISSES from thy Lips repaid;
Then varying Raptures ſhall from Either flow,
As varying KISSES Either ſhall beſtow:
And let the Firſt, who with an unchang'd KISS
Shall ceaſe to thus diverſify the Bliſs,
Obſerve with Looks in meek Submiſſion dreſs'd
That Law, by which this Forfeiture's expreſs'd;

" As

" *Ut, quot utrinque priùs data ſint, tot* BASIA *ſolus*
" *Dulcia victori det, totidemque modis.*"

BASIUM

" As many KISSES as EACH LOVER gave,
" As EACH might in return again receive;
" So many KISSES from the vanquiſh'd ſide
" The Victor claims, ſo many ways applied."

BASIUM XI.

BASIA lauta nimis quidam me jungere dicunt,
Qualia rugoſi non didicêre Patres.

Ergo, ego cùm cupidis ſtringo tua colla lacertis,
LUX MEA, BASIOLIS *immoriorque tuis;*

Anxius exquiram quid de me quiſque loquatur:
Ipſe quis, aut ubi ſim, vix meminiſſe vacat.

Audiit, & riſit formoſa NEÆRA, *meumque*
Hinc collum niveâ cinxit & inde manu;

BASIOLUMQUE *dedit; quo, non laſcivius, unquam*
Inſeruit MARTI CYPRIA *blanda ſuo:*

" *Et,*

KISS XI.

SOME think my KISSES too luxurious told,
KISSES! they ſay, not known to Sires of old:
Hence; when entranc'd on thy ſoft Neck I lie,
Or o'er thy LIPS in tender Tranſport die;
Of thee, DEAR LIFE! I aſk, perplex'd in vain,
Why rigid Cynics cenſure thus my Strain:
But oh! thy Blandiſhments ſo rapt'rous prove,
That ev'ry raviſh'd Senſe is loſt in Love;
Not mortal then, but half-divine I ſeem,
Till all Elyſium paints the bliſsful Dream.
NEÆRA ſmil'd Diſdain, and inſtant threw
Around my Neck her Arm of faireſt hue;
Then KISS'D me fonder, more voluptuous far,
Than BEAUTY's QUEEN e'er KISS'D the GOD OF WAR:

"What!

" *Et, quid, (ait) metuis turbæ decreta severæ?*
" *Causſa meo tantùm competit iſta* FORO."

BASIUM

"What! (cries the NYMPH) and ſhall my
"am'rous Bard
"Pedantic Wiſdom's ſtern Decree regard?
"Thy Cauſe muſt be at my TRIBUNAL tried,
"None but NEÆRA can the Point decide."

BASIUM XII.

QUID vultus removetis hinc pudicos,

MATRONÆQUE, PUELLULÆQUE *castæ?*

Non hîc furta DEUM *jocosa canto,*

Monstrosásve libidinum figuras:

Nulla hîc carmina MENTULATA; *nullæ*

Quæ non, Discipulos ad integellos,

Hirsutus legat in Schola Magister.

Inermeis cano BASIATIONES,

Castus AONII *chori Sacerdos:*

Sed vultus adhibent modò huc protervos

MATRONÆQUE, PUELLULÆQUE *cunctæ;*

KISS XII.

MODEST MATRONS, MAIDENS ſay,
Why thus turn your Looks away?
Frolic Feats of lawleſs Love,
Of the luſtful POW'RS above;
Forms obſcene, that ſhock the Sight,
In my Verſe I ne'er recite;
Verſe! where nought INDECENT reigns;
Guiltleſs are my tender Strains;
Such as Pedagogues auſtere
Might with ſtrict Decorum hear,
Might, with no licentious Speech,
To their Youth reproachleſs teach.
I, chaſte Vot'ry of the NINE!
KISSES ſing of chaſte Deſign.
MAIDS and MATRONS, yet, with Rage
Frown upon my blameleſs Page;

Ignari quia fortè MENTULATUM
Verbum diximus, evolante voce.
Ite hinc, ite procul, moleſta turba,
MATRONÆQUE, PUELLULÆQUE *turpes!*
Quanto caſtior eſt NEÆRA *noſtra?*
Quæ certè, ſine MENTULA, *Libellum*
Mœvult, quàm, ſine MENTULA, *Poëtam!*

(*Quæ certè, ſine* &c.) Here our *Poet*, or rather his Miſtreſs *Neæra*, diſſents in Opinion from the amorous *Catullus*, who would inculcate the following oppoſite Principle.

Nam caſtum eſſe decet pium Poetam
Ipſum, verſiculos nihil neceſſe eſt:
Qui tum denique habent ſalem, ac leporem,
Si ſunt molliculi, ac parum pudici,
Et quod pruriat incitare poſſunt;
Non dico Pueris, *ſed his* Piloſis,
Qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.

CATULLUS Carm. 16.

BASIUM

Frown, becauſe ſome WANTON Word
Here and there by chance occurr'd;
Or the cheated Fancy caught
Some obſcure, yet harmleſs Thought.
Hence ye prudiſh MATRONS! Hence
Squeamiſh MAIDS devoid of Senſe!
And ſhall Theſe in Virtue dare
With my virtuous MAID compare?
She! who in the Bard will prize
What ſhe'll in his Lays deſpiſe;
WANTONNESS with Love agrees,
But RESERVE in Verſe muſt pleaſe.

In Manners, let the learned *Bard*
Severeſt Chaſtity regard:
In Poetry, this Rule were vain;
For when luxurious Phraſes reign,
And Modeſty reſigns her Sway,
Then, only then, delights the Lay;
The Lay! that moves a *Youth*'s Deſires,
And ſluggiſh *Age* alike inſpires.

BASIUM XIII.

LANGUIDUS è dulci certamine, VITA,
jacebam
Exanimis, fusâ per tua colla manu.

Omnis in arenti consumptus spiritus ore,
Flamine non poterat cor recreare novo.

Jam STYX *antè oculos, &* REGNA *carentia Sole,*
Luridaque annosi cymba CHARONTIS *erat.*

Cùm Tu, SUAVIOLUM *educens pulmonis ab imo,*
Afflâsti siccis irriguum labiis.

[SUAVIOLUM ! STYGIA *quod me de Valle reduxit ;*
Et jussit vacuâ currere nave SENEM.

Erravi :—

KISS XIII.

WITH am'rous Strife exanimate I lay,
Around your Neck my languid Arm I threw,
My trembling Heart had juſt forgot to play,
Its vital Spirit from my Boſom flew;

The STYGIAN LAKE; the dreary Realms below,
To which the Sun a chearing Beam denies;
Old CHARON's Boat, ſlow-wand'ring to and fro,
Promiſcuous paſs'd before my ſwimming Eyes:

When you, NEÆRA! with your humid Breath,
O'er my parch'd Lips the deep-fetch'd KISS beſtow'd;
Sudden! my fleeting Soul return'd from DEATH,
And freightleſs hence th' INFERNAL PILOT row'd:

Erravi :—vacuâ non remigat ILLE *carinâ,*
Flebilis ad MANEIS *jam natat umbra mea.*

Pars animæ, MEA VITA, *tuæ hoc in corpore vivit ;*
Et dilapſuros ſuſtinet articulos.

Quæ tamen, impatiens, in priſtina jura reverti
Sæpè per arcanas nititur, ægra, vias.

Ac, niſi dilectâ per te foveatur ab aurâ,
Jam collabenteis deſerit articulos.

Ergo, age, labra meis innecte tenacia labris,
Aſſiduéque duos Spiritus unus alat.

Donec,

Yet ſoft!—for oh! my erring Senſes ſtray—
Not quite unfreighted to the STYGIAN Shore
Old CHARON ſteer'd his lurid Bark away,
My plaintive Shade he to the MANES bore:

Then ſince my Soul can here no more remain,
A part of Thine, SWEET LIFE! that Loſs ſup-
plies;
But what this feeble Fabrick muſt ſuſtain?
If of thy Soul that part its Aid denies:

And much I fear—for ſtruggling to be free,
Oft from its new Abode it fain wou'd roam;
Oft ſeeks, impatient to return to Thee,
Some ſecret Paſs to gain its native Home:

Unleſs thy foſt'ring Breath retards its Flight,
It now prepares to quit this falling Frame;
Haſte then! to mine thy clingy Lips unite,
And let one Spirit feed each vital Flame!

Donec, in-expleti post tædia sera furoris,
Unica de gemino corpore vita fluet.

BASIUM

Till; after frequent Extaſies of Bliſs,
Mutual, unſating to th' impaſſion'd Heart;
From Bodies thus conjoin'd, in one long Kiss,
That ſingle Life which nouriſh'd both ſhall part.

BASIUM XIV.

QUID profers mihi flammeum Labellum?
Non te, non volo BASIARE, DURA!
Duro marmore DURIOR, NEÆRA!
Tanti istas ego ut OSCULATIONES
Imbelleis faciam, SUPERBA, *vestras;*
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
Et desiderio furens inani,
Tabescam, miser, æstuante venâ?

Quò

KISS XIV.

THOSE tempting Lips, of ſcarlet glow,
Why pout with fond, bewitching Art?
For to thoſe Lips, NEÆRA! know
My Lips ſhall not one KISS impart:

Perhaps you'd have me greatly prize,
HARD-HEARTED FAIR! your precious KISS;
But learn, PROUD MORTAL! I deſpiſe
Such cold, ſuch unimpaſſion'd BLISS:

Think'ſt thou I calmly feel the Flame,
That all my rending Boſom fires?
And patient bear, thro' all my Frame,
The Pangs of unallay'd Deſires?

Ah!

Quò fugis?—remane! nec, hos ocellos,
Nec nega mihi flammeum labellum:
Te, jam, te volo baſiare, MOLLIS!
Molli MOLLIOR *Anſeris medullâ!*

Ah! no—but turn not thus aſide
Thoſe tempting Lips, of ſcarlet glow!
Nor yet avert, with angry Pride,
Thoſe Eyes from whence ſuch Raptures flow!

Forgive the paſt, SWEET-NATUR'D MAID!
My KISSES, LOVE! are all thy own;
Then let my Lips o'er thine be laid,
O'er thine! more ſoft than ſofteſt Down.

BASIUM XV.

ADDUCTO, PUER IDALIUS, *post tempora, nervo,*

Stabat in Exitium, PULCHRA NEERA, *meum.*

Cùm frontem, ſparſoſque videns in fronte capillos;

Luminaque argutis ir-requieta notis;

Flammeolaſque genas, & dignas MATRE *papillas;*

Jecit ab ambiguâ Tela remiſſa manu:

KISS XV.

TH' IDALIAN YOUTH *, to pierce NEÆRA's Heart,
Had bent his Bow, had choſe the fatal Dart;
But when the BOY, in wonder loſt, ſurvey'd
That Brow, o'er which your Hair luxuriant play'd!
Thoſe Cheeks, that bluſh'd the Roſe's warmeſt Dye!
That ſtreamy Luſtre of your piercing Eye!
That Boſom too with matchleſs Beauty bright!
Scarce CYPRIA's own could boaſt ſo pure a white!
Tho' Miſchief urg'd him firſt to wound MY FAIR,
Yet partial Fondneſs urg'd him now to ſpare;
But doubting ſtill, he linger'd to decide;
At length reſolv'd, he flung the Shaft aſide:

* Cupid.

Inque tuas cursu effusus, pueriliter, ulnas,
Mille tibi fixit BASIA, *mille modis.*

Quæ succos tibi MYRTEOLOS, CYPRIOSQUE *liquores,*
Pectoris afflarunt usque sub ima tui!

Juravitque DEOS *omneis,* VENEREMQUE *parentem,*
Nil tibi post unquam velle movere mali.

Et miremur adhuc, cur tam tua BASIA *fragrent?*
Duraque cur miti semper AMORE *vaces?*

BASIUM

Then ſudden ruſh'd impetuous to thy Arms,
And hung voluptuous o'er thy heav'nly Charms:
There as the YOUTH in wanton Folds was laid,
His Lips o'er thine in varied KISSES play'd;
With ev'ry KISS he tried a thouſand Wiles,
A thouſand Geſtures, and a thouſand Smiles;
Your inmoſt Breaſt with CYPRIAN Odours fill'd,
And all the MYRTLE's luſcious Scent inſtill'd:
Laſtly, he ſwore by ev'ry POW'R above!
By VENUS' ſelf! the potent QUEEN OF LOVE;
That thou, BLEST NYMPH! for ever ſhould'ſt remain
Exempt from am'rous Care, from am'rous Pain:
What wonder then, ſuch balmy Sweets ſhould flow
In ev'ry grateful KISS thy Lips beſtow!
What wonder then, OBDURATE MAID! you prove
Averſe to all the Tenderneſs of LOVE!

BASIUM XVI.

LATONÆ niveo Sidere blandior!
Et Stellâ VENERIS *pulchrior aureâ!*
Da mî BASIA *centum,*
Da tot BASIA, *quot dedit*
VATI *multivolo* LESBIA, *quot tulit.*
Quot blandæ VENERES, *quotque* CUPIDINES
Et labella per-errant,
Et genas roſeas tuas;

(Vati multivolo) Catullus is here meant, alluding moſt probably to the following Lines in the 5th of his *Carmina.*

Da mi Baſia *mille, deinde centum,*
Dein mille altera, dein ſecunda centum,
Dein uſque altera mille, deinde centum.
Dein quum millia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne ſciamus:
Aut ne quis malus invidere poſſit,
Quum tantum ſciat eſſe Baſiorum.

CATULLUS.

Quot

KISS XVI.

BRIGHT as VENUS' golden Star!
And as ſilver CYNTHIA fair!
NYMPH, with ev'ry Charm replete!
Give an Hundred KISSES ſweet;
Then as many KISSES more
O'er my Lips profuſely pour,
As th'inſatiate BARD could want,
Or his bounteous LESBIA grant;
As the vagrant LOVES that ſtray
On thy Lip's nectareous way;

A Thouſand *Kiſſes* give me *Love*,
And yet an Hundred let me prove,
A ſecond Thouſand grant me ſtill,
A ſecond Hundred now fulfill,
Another Thouſand o'er again,
Another rapt'rous Hundred then;
And when the Thouſands num'rous grow,
Let's ceaſe to count; that none may know
What boundleſs *Sums of Bliſs* I owe.

Quot VITAS *oculis, quotque* NECEIS *geris,*
Quot SPES, *quotque* METUS, *quotque perennibus*
Mista GAUDIA CURIS,
Et SUSPIRIA *Amantium.*

Da, quàm multa meo Spicula pectori
Insevit, VOLUCRIS *dira manus* DEI:
Et quàm multa pharetrâ
Conservavit in aureâ.

Adde & blanditias, verbaque publica,
Et cum suavi-crepis murmura sibilis,

Risu non sine grato,
Gratis non sine morsibus:

Qualeis

As the dimpling GRACES ſpread
On thy Cheek's carnation'd Bed;
As the DEATHS thy Lovers die;
As the CONQUESTS of thine Eye,
Or the CARES, and fond DELIGHTS,
Which its changeful Beam incites;
As the HOPES, and FEARS we prove,
Or th' impaſſion'd SIGHS, in Love;
As the Shafts by CUPID ſped,
Shafts! by which my Heart has bled;
As the countleſs Stores that ſtill

All his golden Quiver fill.
Whiſper'd Plaints; and wanton Wiles;
Speeches ſoft; and ſoothing Smiles;
Teeth-imprinted, tell-tale Bliſſes;
Intermix with all thy KISSES:

Qualeis CHAONIÆ *garrula motibus*
Alternant tremulis roſtra columbulæ,
Cùm ſe dura re-mittit
Primis BRUMA FAVONIIS.

Incumbénſque meis, mentis inops, genis,
Huc, illuc, oculos volve natatileis,
Ex-anguemque, lacertis,
Dic, te ſuſtineam meis.

Stringam nexilibus te, te ego brachiis,
Frigentem calido pectore comprimam,
Et vitam tibi langi
Reddam afflamine BASII.

Donec

So, when ZEPHYR's breezy Wing
Wafts the balmy Breath of SPRING;
TURTLES thus their Loves repeat,
Fondly-billing, murm'ring-ſweet;
While their trembling Pinions tell
What Delights their Boſoms ſwell.

Now, when Joys o'erwhelm thy Mind;
On my glowing Cheek reclin'd;
All around, in am'rous Trance,
Let thine Eyes voluptuous glance;
And, ſuffus'd with Paſſion's Flames,
Dart their ſweetly-trembling Gleams:
Then, ſoft-languiſhing, and ſighing;
With delicious Tranſport dying;
Say to thy officious Swain;
"Now, thy FAINTING FAIR ſuſtain."
In my fond, encircling Arms
I'll receive thy falling Charms;
While the long, life-teeming KISS
Shall recall thy Soul to Bliſs:

And

Donec ſuc-cidium me quoque Spiritus
Iſtis roſci-dulis linquet in OSCULIS,
Labentémque, lacertis,
Dicam; "*Collige me tuis.*"

Stringes nexilibus me, MEA, *brachiis,*
Mulcebis tepido pectore frigidum;
Et vitam mihi longi aſ-
ſlabis rore SUAVII.

Sic Ævi, MEA LUX, *tempora florida*
Carpamus ſimul. En, jam miſerabileis
CURAS *ægra* SENECTUS
Et MORBOS *trahet, &* NECEM.

And as thus the vital Store
From my humid Lips I pour;
Till, exhauſted with the PLAY,
All my Spirit waſtes away:
Sudden, in my turn I'll cry;
"Oh! ſupport me, for I die."
To your ſoft'ring Breaſt you'll hold me,
In your warm Embrace enfold me;
While thy Breath, in nectar'd Gales,
O'er my ſinking Soul prevails;
While thy KISSES ſweet impart
Life, and Rapture to the Heart.

Thus, when YOUTH is in its Prime,
Let's enjoy the golden Time;
For when ſmiling YOUTH is paſt,
AGE theſe tender Joys ſhall blaſt:
SICKNESS, which our Bloom impairs;
Slow-conſuming, painful CARES;
DEATH, with dire remorſeleſs Rage;
All attend the Steps of AGE.

BASIUM XVII.

QUALEM purpureo diffundit MANE *colorem*
Quæ rosa NOCTURNIS *roribus im-maduit:*

MATUTINA *rubent* DOMINÆ *sic* OSCULA *nostræ*
BASIOLIS, *longâ* NOCTE, *rigata meis.*

Quæ, circùm, facies, niveo candore, coronat;
Virginis ut violam cùm tenet alba manus.

Tale novum seris cerasum sub floribus ardet;
Æstatemque & Ver cùm simul arbor habet.

Me miserum! quare, cùm flagrantissima jungis
OSCULA, *de Thalamo cogor abire tuo?*

O!

KISS XVII.

ROSES, refresh'd with NIGHTLY Dew, dis-
play
New Beauties blushing to the DAWN OF DAY;
So, by the KISSES of a RAPT'ROUS NIGHT,
Thy vermil LIPS at MORN are doubly bright;
And from thy Face, that's exquisitely fair,
That vermil Brightness seems more bright t'ap-
pear:
Deep-purpled Vi'lets thus a deeper Glow,
Held in some Virgin's snowy Hand, will show;
And early-rip'ning Cherries thus assume,
'Mid the late Blossoms, a superior Bloom;
When Spring and Summer boast united Pow'r,
At once producing both the Fruit and Flow'r.
But why, when most thy KISSES fire my Heart,
Why, from th' endearing Transport must I part?
Oh!

O! ſaltem, labris ſerva hunc, FORMOSA, *ruborem;*
Dum tibi me referet NOCTIS *opaca quies!*

Si tamen interea Cujuſquam BASIA *carpent,*
Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.

(Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.) i. e. *paler than my Cheeks ſhall become at ſeeing this evident Teſtimony of Infidelity, viz. your Lips' loſing their roſy Colour.* The Idea of Infidelity's being puniſh'd by ſome failure of Beauty is alſo *Horace*'s.

Ulla ſi juris tibi perjerati
Pœna, Barine, *nocuiſſet unquam:*
Dente ſi nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui;
Crederem: &c.

HOR. Ode 8. Lib. 2.

And thus *Ovid* to the ſame purpoſe.

Eſſe Deos credamne? fidem jurata fefellit,
Et facies illi, quæ fuit ante, manet.
Quam longos habuit, nondum perjura, capillos,
Tam longus, poſtquam Numina læſit, habet.

OVID. Amor. Lib. 3. Eleg. 3.

BASIUM

Oh! let that Crimſon on thoſe Lips remain,
Till Ev'NING brings me to thy Arms again:
Yet ſhould thoſe Lips ere then ſome RIVAL bleſs,
Some YOUTH whom thou in ſecret ſhalt careſs;
Then may they ceaſe for ever to diſcloſe
That beauteous Bluſh, which emulates the Roſe!
Then paler turn, than my pale Cheek ſhall prove,
Whene'er I view this Mark of faithleſs Love!

If ever injur'd Pow'r had ſhed
The ſlighteſt Vengeance on thy Head;
If but a Nail or Tooth of *Thee*
Were blacken'd by thy Perjury,
Again thy Falſhood might deceive,
And I the faithleſs Vow believe.

FRANCIS.

Can there be *Gods?*--- the perjur'd Fair-one ſwore,
Yet looks as lovely, as ſhe look'd before.
Long flow'd the careleſs Treſſes of her Hair,
While yet ſhe ſhone as innocent as fair;
Long flow the Treſſes of the Wanton now,
And ſport as Trophies of her broken Vow.

DUNKIN.

KISS

BASIUM. XVIII.

CUM Labra noſtræ cerneret PUELLÆ,
Incluſa circo candidæ figuræ;
(Ut ſi quis ornet, arte curioſâ,
Corallinis eburna ſigna Baccis)
Fleviſſe fertur CYPRIS, *& gemendo*
Laſcivienteis convocaſſe AMORES;

Et

KISS XVIII.

WHEN CYTHEREA first beheld
Those Lips with ruby Lustre bright,
Those Lips! which, as they blushing swell'd,
Blush'd deeper from th' incircling white;

(So, when some Artist's Skill inlays
Coral 'mid Iv'ry's paler Hue,
That height'ning Coral soon displays
A warmer Crimson to the view.)

Then urg'd by Envy and by Hate,
Which rising Sighs and Tears betray'd;
SHE call'd her wanton LOVES — and strait
The wanton LOVES her Call obey'd:

Et. " *quid juvat (dixisse) purpuratis*

" *Vicisse in* IDA PALLADEM *labellis,*

" *Et* PRONUBAM *magni* JOVIS SOROREM

" *Sub arbitro Pastore? Cùm* NEÆRA

" *Hæc ante-cellat, arbitro Poëtâ?*

" *At vos, furentes, ite in hunc Poëtam,*

" *Et, dira plenis Tela de Pharetris,*

" *In* ILLIUS *medullulas tenellas,*

(Sub arbitro Pastore) The Story of the Judgment of *Paris* is too well known to be related here.

To whom the QUEEN in plaintive Strain;
" Ah! what, my BOYS, avails it now;
" That to theſe Lips the PHRYGIAN SWAIN
" Decreed the Prize on IDA's Brow?

" That Prize! for which, elate with Pride,
" The MARTIAL MAID contentious ſtrove;
" That Prize! to JUNO's ſelf denied,
" The SISTER, and the WIFE of JOVE:

" If, to pervert this SWAIN's Decree,
" A POET's partial Judgement dare
" His mortal NYMPH prefer to me,
" Her Lips with Lips divine compare!

" Swift then, ye vengeful CUPIDS, fly
" With loaded Quivers to the BARD;
" Let all the Pangs ye can ſupply
" His matchleſs Inſolence reward:

" *Pectusque per, jecurque per joculum,*

" *Distringite, acres perstrepente cornu.*

" *At* ILLA *nulla pertepescat igne,*

" *Sed tacta pectus Plumbed Sagittâ*

" *Torpescat imas congelata venas.*"

Evênit: imis uror in medullis;

Et torrido jecur liquescit igne.

Tu fulta pectus asperis pruinis

Et caute, qualris aut maris SICANI,

Aut ADRIÆ *unda tundit æstuosa,*

" Go, practiſe ev'ry cruel Art
" Revenge can frame, without delay;
" His Boſom pierce with ev'ry Dart,
" Which Love's ſoft Poiſon may convey:

" But wound not with ſuch Darts the FAIR,
" Her Breaſt muſt ever cold remain;
" Your Shafts of Lead lodge deeply there,
" To freeze the current of each Vein."

SHE ſpoke—now more than uſual Fire
Conſumes apace my melting Soul;
And now, fierce Torrents of Deſire
Tumultuous thro' my Boſom roll:

While Thou; whoſe icy Heart betrays
No more Concern than Rocks that brave
The Fury of SICILIAN Seas,
Or ADRIA's rudely-daſhing Wave;

Secura ludis impotentem amantem;

INGRATA! *propter iſta labra rubra*

Laudata plector. Heu! MISELLA, *neſcis,*

Cur oderis: nec ira quid DEORUM

Effrena poſſit, & furor DIONES!

Duros remitte, MOLLICELLA, *faſtus:*

Iſtoque dignos ore ſume mores:

Et, quæ meorum cauſſa ſunt dolorum,

Mellita labris necte labra noſtris:

Haurire poſſis ut mei puſillum

Præcordiis an intimis veneni,

Canſt, in unfeeling Scorn ſecure,
Mock all thy tortur'd Lover's Pain;
Who for fond Praiſe is doom'd t'endure,
UNGRATEFUL MAID! thy cold Diſdain:

Yet why, PROUD WRETCH! you thus deſpiſe
You know not —— nor how fierce may prove
Th' ungovern'd Anger of the SKIES,
The Vengeance of the QUEEN OF LOVE!

But oh! no more purſue that Scorn,
Which ill-becomes each outward Grace;
Sure, ſweeteſt Manners ſhould adorn
The NYMPH who boaſts ſo ſweet a Face:

Then let thy Lips to mine be preſt,
Theſe honied Lips! which cauſe my Care;
Imbibing from my inmoſt Breaſt
The latent Poiſon rankling there:

And,

Et mutuis languere vicia flaminis.

At nec DEOS, *nec, tu, time* DIONEN:

Formosa DIVIS *imperat Puella!*

BASIUM

And, as you thus partake the ſmart
Of all my Torture — in your turn
You'll catch the Flame that warms my Heart,
And ſoon with mutual Paſſion burn:

But fear not Thou the POW'RS DIVINE,
Fear not the potent QUEEN OF LOVE!
Beauty, WELL-GUARDED MAID! like thine
Can ſway th' IMPERIAL SOULS above.

BASIUM XIX.

MELLI-LEGÆ VOLUCRES! *quid adhuc*
THYMA *cana*, ROSASQUE,
Et rorem VERNÆ *nectareum* VIOLÆ,
Lingitis? aut florem latè-spirantis ANETHI?
Omnes, ad DOMINÆ *labra, venite, meæ.*

Illa ROSAS *spirant omneis*, THYMAQUE *omnia sola*,
Et succum VERNÆ *nectareum* VIOLÆ:

Inde procul dulces auræ funduntur ANETHI:
NARCISSI *veris illa madent lachrymis*;

OEBA-

KISS XIX.

WHY wing your Flight, YE BEES! from Flow'r to Flow'r?
Why, toiling thus, collect the LUSCIOUS STORE
From bloſſom'd THYME empurpling all the Ground?
From the rich ANISE breathing Odours round?
Why ſip the VERNAL VI'LET's nectar'd Dew?
Or ſpoil the fragrant ROSE of bluſhing Hue?
Fly to the Lips, YE WANTONS! of MY FAIR;
And gather all your BALMY TREASURES there;
Thence catch the Fragrance of the bluſhing ROSE;
Thence ſip that Dew which from the VI'LET flows;
Thence the rich Odours of the ANISE ſteal;
And thence the bloſſom'd THYME's Perfume inhale:

Lips!

OEBALIQUE *madent* JUVENIS *fragrante cruore*;
Qualis uterque liquor, cùm cecidisset, erat;

NECTAREQUE *ætherio medicatus, & aëre puro,*
Impleret fœtu verſi-colore ſolum.

Sed me, jure meo libantem mellea Labra,
INGRATÆ, *ſocium ne prohibete favis.*

(*Fœtu verſi-colore*, &c.) By this, I ſuppoſe *Secundus* does not mean any variegated Flower in particular; but variegated Flowers in general of a red and white Colour: for we no where read of any peculiar variegated Flower to have ſprung from the *Tears* of *Narciſſus* mixt with the *Blood* of *Hyacinthus*. *Narciſſus* according to *Ovid* was turn'd into a *Daffodil*, and the *Blood* of *Hyacinthus* produc'd the *Hyacinth*.—*vid. Ovid. Metamorf. Lib.* 3. *Fab.* 6. & *Lib.* 10. *Fab.* 5.

Non

Lips! where those Tears in genuine moisture
dwell,
That from NARCISSUS self-enamour'd fell;
Lips! deeply-ting'd with HYACINTHUS' Blood,
Which, with the Tears in one commingled Flood,
Impregnating the fertile Womb of Earth,
First gave the variegated Flow'r its Birth:
Soon, by the NECTAR'D SHOW'RS that Heav'n
bestow'd,
With fanning Gales, the motley OFFSPRING
blow'd:
For Drops of Blood, lo! crimson Streaks appear;
And Streaks uncolour'd, for each lucid Tear.

But still, YE BEES well-favour'd! GRATEFUL
prove;
Let no unkind Refusals pay my Love,
If e'er I claim; (what sure's my rightful Due)
To share those Lips, those honied Lips! with
You:

Nor

Non etiam totas, Avidæ, diffendite cellas,

Areſcant Dominæ *ne ſemel ora meæ;*

Basiaque *im-preſſans ſiccis ſitientia labris,*

Garrulus, indicii triſte ferам pretium.

Heu! non & ſtimulis com-pungite molle labellum:

Ex oculis ſtimulos vibrat & Illa *pareis.*

Credite, non ullum patietur vulnus in-ultum?

Leniter, in-notuæ, mella legatis Apes.

Nor ſuck INSATIATE all their Balm away,
And to your burſting Cells the Sweets convey;
Leſt, when to cool my fever'd Lips I try,
NEÆRA's Lips no cooling Dews ſupply;
Then ſhall I juſtly reap the ſad Reward
Of what miſguided Confidence declar'd.

And, oh! to wound her tender Lips forbear,
Or dread the fatal Vengeance of the FAIR;
Tho' ſharp your Stings, her Eyes can ſcatter round
Darts, that with more tormenting Stings may wound:
Nor, as YE ſip, inflict the ſlighteſt Pain,
For unreveng'd the Wrong will ne'er remain;
But gently gather, from thoſe precious Rills,
Th'ambroſial Drops each humid Lip diſtills.

FRAGMENTA, &c.

Fragmenta & Poëmata Quædam IN BASIUM.

FRAGMENTUM.*

Ad LYDIAM.

LYDIA, bella PUELLA, *candida,*
Quæ benè superas lac et lilium,
Albamque simul rosam rubidam,
Aut expolitum ebur indicum ;

---

* This little Fragment is in general attributed to *Cornelius Gallus*, and printed among his Pieces ; but I believe it the Production of another *Author*.

Pande

SOME

Fragments and Poetical Pieces

ON

The KISS.

A FRAGMENT.

To LYDIA.

LOVELY LYDIA! lovely MAID!
Either Roſe in Thee's diſplay'd;
Roſes of a bluſhing red
O'er thy Lips, and Cheeks are ſhed;
Roſes of a paly hue
In thy fairer Charms we view.

Pande, PUELLA, *pande capillulos*

Flavos, lucentes ut aurum nitidum :

Pande, PUELLA, *collum candidum,*

Productum benè candidis humeris :

Pande, PUELLA *ſtellatos oculos ;*

Flexaque ſuper nigra cilia :

Pande, PUELLA, *geneas roſeas*

Perfusas rubro purpureo Tyriæ :

Porrige labra, labra corallina,

Da columbatim mitia BASIA :

Now thy braided Hair unbind;
Now, luxuriant, unconfin'd,
Let thy wavy Treſſes flow;
Treſſes bright! of burniſhed glow!
Bare thy iv'ry Neck, MY FAIR!
Now thy ſnowy Shoulders bare;
Bid the vivid Luſtre riſe
In thy paſſion-ſtreaming Eyes:
See! the lucent Meteors gleam,
See! they ſpeak the wiſhful Flame:
And how gracefully above,
Modell'd from the Bow of LOVE,
Are thy arching Brows diſplay'd;
Soft'ning in a ſable Shade:
Let a warmer Crimſon ſtreak
The velvet of thy downy Cheek;
Let thy Lips, that breathe perfume,
Deeper purple now aſſume:
Give me little billing KISSES,
Intermixt with murm'ring Bliſſes

Soft

Sugis amentis partem animi;

Cor mihi penetrant hæc tua BASIA:

Quid mihi sugis vivum sanguinem?

Conde papillas, conde gemi-pomas,

Compresso lacte quæ modò pullulant:

Sinus expansa proferi cinnama;

Undique surgunt ex te deliciæ.

Conde papillas, quæ me sauciant

Candore, et luxu nivei pectoris.

Candore.

Soft MY LOVE!— MY ANGEL ſtay!—
Soft!— you ſuck my Breath away!
Drink the Life-drops of my Heart!
Draw my Soul from ev'ry part!
Scarce my Senſes can ſuſtain
So much Pleaſure! ſo much Pain!

Hide thy broad, voluptuous Breaſt!
Hide that balmy Heav'n of Reſt!
See! to feaſt th'enamour'd Eyes,
How the ſnowy Hillocks riſe;
Parted by the luſcious Vale,
Whence luxurious Sweets exhale:
Nature fram'd thee but t'inſpire
Never-ending, fond Deſire!

Again! above its envious Veſt,
See! thy Boſom heaves confeſt:
Hide the rapt'rous, dear Delight!
Hide it from my raviſh'd Sight!

SÆVA, *non cernis quod ego langueo?*

Sic me destituis jam semi-mortuum?

Hide it!— for thro' all my Soul
Tides of madd'ning Tranſport roll;
Venting now th'impaſſion'd Sigh,
See me languiſh! ſee me die!

Tear not from me then thy Charms!
Snatch, oh! ſnatch me to thy Arms:
With a life-inſpiring Kiss,
Wake my ſinking Soul to Bliſs!

In LESBIAM.

DUM me BASIOLO *fovet ſalaci,*
Et crebro petit excitatque morſu,
Illa LESBIA, *quæ tenelli* AMORIS
Bellè ſurripuit faces et arcum;
Imis ardeo totis in medullis,
Et ſecreta calor per oſſa currit.
Non tot aſtra polo nitent ſereno,
Non tot vinea fulgurat racemis,
Quot me deliciæ cupidineſque
Accenſum exacuunt beatulumque.
Sed mî LESBIA, *fare,* AMICA, *quid me*
Tantum BASIOLO *foves ſalaci;*
Et crebro petis excitaſque morſu?

On LESBIA.

WHEN beauteous LESBIA fires my melting Soul,
(SHE, who the Torch and Bow from CUPID ſtole)
By many a Smile, by many an ardent KISS;
And with her Teeth imprints the tell-tale Bliſs:
Thro' all my Frame the madding Tranſport glows,
Thro' ev'ry Vein the Tide of Rapture flows.
As many Stars as o'er Heav'n's Concave ſhine,
Or Cluſters as adorn the fruitful Vine;
So many Blandiſhments, voluptuous Joys,
T' inflame my Breaſt the wily MAID employs:
But deareſt LESBIA! gentle MISTRESS! ſay,
Why thus d' ye wound my Lips in am'rous play?
With KISSES, Smiles, and ev'ry wanton Art,
Why raiſe the burning Fever of my Heart?

Let

Te dulci liceat tenere lecto,
Te strictis liceat tenere in ulnis,
Blando deficientem AMORIS *æstu!*
Quin si deficias AMORIS *æstu,*
MORS *tibi hoc pretio placebit hercle!*

BONE-

Let us, MY LOVE! on yon ſoft Couch reclin'd,
Each other's Arms around each other twin'd,
Yield to the pleaſing Force of ſtrong Deſire;
And panting, ſtruggling, both at once expire!
For, oh my LESBIA! ſure that DEATH is ſweet,
Which Lovers in the fond Contention meet.

BONEFONII BASIUM XVI.

DONEC pressîs incubo labellis,
Et diduco avidus tuæ, PUELLA,
Flosculos animæ suavè-olentes;
Unus tum videor mihi Deorum,
Seu quid altiús est beatiúsve.

Mox ut te eripis, ecce, ego repentè,
Unus qui Superûm mihi videbar,
Seu quid altiús est beatiúsve,
ORCI mî videor relatus umbris,
Seu quid inferiúsve tristiúsve.

KISS XVI. *of* BONEFONIUS.

CLASP'D, sweet Maid! in thy Embrace;
While I view thy ſmiling Face,
And the Sweets with rapture ſip,
Flowing from thy honied Lip;
Then I taſte in heav'nly ſtate,
All that's happy, all that's great:

But when you forſake my Arms,
And Diſpleaſure clouds your Charms;
Sudden I; who prov'd ſo late
All that's happy, all that's great;
Prove the Tortures of a Ghoſt,
Wand'ring on the STYGIAN Coaſt.

VENERIS LUSUS.

Effinxit quondam, blandum, meditata laborem,
Basia lascivâ Cypria Diva manu.

Ambrosiæ succos occultâ temperat Arte,
Fragransque infuso Nectare tingit opus.

Sufficit et parcæ Mellis, quod subdolus olim
Non impune favis surripuisset Amor.*

Decussos Violæ foliis admiscet odores,
Et spolia æstivis plurima rapta Rosis.

Addit et Illecebras, et mille et mille Lepores,
Et quot Acidalius Gaudia cestus habet.

---

* See the nineteenth *Idyllium of Theocritus*, to which this alludes.

Et

The PASTIME *of* VENUS.

INTENT to frame ſome new Deſign of Bliſs,
The wanton CYPRIAN QUEEN compos'd a KISS:
An ample portion of AMBROSIAL JUICE
With myſtic ſkill ſhe temper'd firſt for uſe;
This done, her infant Work was well bedew'd
With choiceſt NECTAR; and o'er all ſhe ſtrew'd
Part of that HONEY, which ſly CUPID ſtole
Much to his coſt, and blended with the whole;
Then, that ſoft Scent which from the VI'LET flows
She mixt with Spoils of many a vernal ROSE;
Each gentle BLANDISHMENT in Love we find,
Each graceful winning GESTURE next ſhe join'd;
And all thoſe JOYS that in her Zone abound
Made up the KISS, and the rich Labour crown'd:

Ex his composuit DEA BASIA : *et omnia libans,*
Invenias nitidæ sparsa per ora CHLOËS.

Conſid'ring now what beauteous Nymph might prove
Worthy the Gift, and worthy of her Love;
She fixt on CHLOE, as her fav'rite Maid;
To whom the GODDESS ſweetly-ſmiling ſaid:
"Take this MY FAIR to perfect ev'ry Grace,
"And on thy Lips the FRAGRANT BLESSING place."

*AMORE fuggitivo.**

UDITO hò CITEREA,
Che del tuo grembo fore
Fuggitivo il tuo FIGLIO *à te ſi cela,*
E promeſſo hai BACIAR *chi te 'l rivela.*
Non languir, BELLA DEA,
Se vai cercando AMORE,
No 'l cercar, dammi il BACIO, *io l' hò nel core.*

* See the firſt *Idyllium* of *Moſchus* on this Subject.

CUPID ſtray'd.

YES beauteous QUEEN------ thy SON they ſay,
Thy wanton SON, is gone aſtray------
Nay VENUS more---- 'tis ſaid from Thee
A KISS the ſweet Reward ſhall be
To any Swain, who truly tells
Where 'tis thy little WAND'RER dwells:
Then grieve no more, nor drop a Tear;
For know the little URCHIN's here;
HE, from the ſearch of vulgar Eyes,
Conceal'd within my Boſom lies.
Now GODDESS, as I've told thee this;
Give me, oh! give the promis'd KISS.

D'un BACIO.

UN BACIO *solo à tante pene*, CRUDA ?
Un BACIO *à tanta fede ?*
La promessa mercede
Non si paga, BACIANDO ; *il* BACIO *è segno*
Di futuro diletto,
E par, che dica anch' egli, i' ti prometto
Con sì soave pegno :
In tanta hor godi, e taci,
Che son d' amor mute promesse i BACI.

On a KISS.

AH! can'ſt thou CRUEL NYMPH ſuppoſe,
One KISS rewards thy am'rous Youth,
Enough rewards his tender Woes,
His long long Conſtancy, and Truth,?

Think not thy promis'd Kindneſs paid
By ſimple KISSING —— for the KISS
Is but the Earneſt, BEAUTEOUS MAID!
Of more ſubſtantial, future Bliſs:

SWEET KISSES only were deſign'd
Our warmer Raptures to improve;
KISSES were meant ſoft Vows to bind,
Were ſilent Pledges meant of Love.

HYMNE *aû* BAISER
Par Monſieur DORAT.

I.

* *DON celeſte, volupté pure,*
*De l'*UNIVERS *moteur ſecret,*
Doux aiguillon de la NATURE,
Et ſon plus invincible attrait,
Eclair, qui, brûlant ce qu'il touche,
Par l'heureux ſignal de la bouche,
Avertit tous les autres ſens;
Viens jouer autour de ma lyre;
Qu'on reconnoiſſe ton délire
A la chaleur de mes accens.

---

* *Monſieur Dorat* ſeems, in theſe Verſes, metaphorically to apply the Word *Kiſs* to that univerſal *Attraction*, wnich prevails thro' all *Matter*.

II.

HYMN *to the* KISS
TRANSLATED.

I.

O! choiceſt Gift of heav'nly kind!
O! ſacred Source of Joy refin'd!
Thou latent Spring! whoſe vaſt Controul
Extends thro'out the BOUNDLESS WHOLE;
Attraction ſtrong! all-pow'rful Cauſe!
Enforcing NATURE's hidden Laws;
Thou magic Lightning! that canſt burn
What-e'er you touch, Where-e'er you turn;
Touch but the Lips, and you diſpenſe
The briſk Alarm thro' ev'ry Senſe:
Come, hover round my tuneful Lyre,
And ev'ry ſwelling Note inſpire;
So ſhall the Warmth my Strains expreſs
Thy rapture-giving Pow'r confeſs.

II.

II.

Tu vas, sur tes sujets fidèles,
Dispersant des flèches de feu :
Tu nourris de tes étincelles
*Le flambeau de l'*AVEUGLE DIEU.
Sans toi que seroit le bel âge ?
Il t'offre son premier hommage,
Il s'éclaire de tes rayons ;
Et, des desirs hâtant l'ivresse,
Sur les lèvres de la jeunesse
Tu fais tes plus douces moissons.

II.

To Thoſe, who own your gentle Sway,
You Darts of pleaſing flame convey;
Your kindling Sparks, that ne'er can die,
Blind CUPID's burning Torch ſupply;
How dull the Spring of Life wou'd prove
Without the KISS that waits on Love!
Youth firſt to Thee its Homage pays,
Becomes enlighten'd from thy Rays;
And haſt'ning, by your foſt'ring Fires,
The Birth of all the gay Deſires;
From youthful Lips You ſoon receive
The richeſt Harveſts Lips can give.

III.

Loin de l'œil éclatant du MONDE,
*Combien d'*ETRES *infortunés,*
Dans une obscurité profonde,
A gémir semblent condamnés ?
Pour eux Zéphire est sans haleine,
Les épis qui dorent la plaine,
Rarement mûrissent pour eux ;
Toi seul les retiens à la Terre,
Et, même au sein de leur misère,
Tu leur apprens l'art d'être heureux.

IV.

III.

Far from the WORLD's more glaring Eye,
What Crowds of wretched BEINGS lie,
Who ſeem, in dull Oblivion, doom'd
For ever to remain entomb'd!
To Them no Zephyr's balmy Wing
Refreſhing Gales, or Sweets can bring;
No rip'ning Crops of golden Grain
For Them adorn the waving Plain:
Yet, thy perſuaſive Magic binds
To this terreſtrial Orb their Minds;
And, bids Them in their gloomy State
Smile, nor regret their piteous Fate.

IV.

III.

La fleur qui pare ses prairies,
Te doit son lustre et son odeur;
Ces arbrisseaux que tu maries,
Sont tous éclos de ta chaleur.
Ces ruisseaux fuyant sous l'ombrage,
Ces flots caressant leur rivage,
Par ton souffle vont s'embraser.
Pourquoi des lèvres demi-closes
Ont-elles la couleur des roses?
C'est là que siège le BAISER.

IV.

The Flow'rs that in yon Meadow grow,
To Thee their Bloom, their Fragrance owe:
The bloſſom'd Shrubs in gaudy Dreſs,
Thy genial Warmth, thy Pow'r confeſs:
The Stream that winds along the Grove,
And courts the Shore with Waves of Love;
Is taught by Thee the fond Embrace,
By Thee is taught each rural Grace——
On gently-parted Lips, ſay why
Is plac'd the Roſe's beauteous Dye?
Becauſe, on that ſoft Seat of Bliſs
Abides the roſy-breathing Kiss.

V.

Le froid SCRUPULE *en vain s'offense*
De tes bienfaits consolateurs ;
Tu tiens sous ton obéissance
Sages, Héros, Législateurs.
CESAR *quitte le Capitole,*
Il menace, il s'élance, il vole,
Tout cède à ses travaux guerriers ;
Mais il revient, briguant des chaînes,
Caresser les DAMES ROMAINES
A l'ombre même des lauriers.

V.

Let rigid SCRUPLE furl her Brow,
And blame the Comforts you beſtow
The Sage, the Hero, Thee obey;
Nay, Legiſlators own thy Sway.
See, threat'ning CÆSAR mounts his Car,
To join th'embattled Sons of War;
Swift from the Capitol he flies,
And ev'ry hoſtile Warrior dies;
But ſoon he quits the bleeding Plain,
With tranſport hugs fair Beauty's Chain;
And, e'en beneath his Laurel's Shade
Careſſes many a ROMAN MAID.

VI.

Ce MAHOMET, *ce fou ſublime,*
Contre tous les périls armé,
Qui pour l'erreur et pour le crime
Avoit cru ce globe formé,
Auroit-il, CONQUERANT *auſtère,*
Supporté l'ennui de la guerre,
Sans les BAISERS *de ſes* HOURIS,
Qui charmoient ſon ame inquiète,
Et, dans le Serrail du PROPHETE,
Réaliſoient ſon Paradis !

VI.

Could MAHOMET, whoſe dauntleſs Soul,
Superior roſe to all Controul;
Whoſe Breaſt was fir'd with Hope ſublime;
Who thought that Ignorance, and Crime
Were deſtin'd o'er this Globe t'have reign'd:
Could that ſtern VICTOR have ſuſtain'd
The harſh, fatiguing Toil of Arms;
Had not his FEMALES' ſoothing Charms,
And tender KISSES lull'd to reſt
The martial Tumults of his Breaſt;
If the Seraglio of this Earth
Had not to thoſe ſweet Joys giv'n birth,
Which, in the Paradiſe of Love,
The PROPHET hop'd to taſte above?

VII.

Mais des demeures faſtueuſes
Tu crains l'appareil impoſant,
Les paſſions trop orageuſes
En banniſſent le ſentiment.
Ah! ſur des lèvres altérées,
Et par l'ennui décolorées,
Voudrois tu donc te repoſer?
Ces lambris dorés, cette eſtrade,
Ces carreaux, ces lits de parade,
Sont l'épouvantail du BAISER.

VII.

But tow'ring Domes, that ſtrike the Eyes
With outward Grandeur, You deſpiſe;
There ſtormy Paſſions govern Senſe,
And baniſh tender Feelings thence.
Say, could'ſt thou well-contented lie
On Lips with ſhrivell'd Coldneſs dry,
On Lips! that no bright Purple wear,
But pal'd by Sickneſs or by Care?
The gilded Ceilings, Beds of State,
The gaudy Chambers of the Great,
Th' embroider'd Cuſhions they diſplay,
Muſt fright the gentle Kiss away.

VIII.

Fuis sous les feuillages champêtres :
C'est là que réside la PAIX,
Et qu'à l'ombre de jeunes hêtres
On pratique tes doux secrets.
Sur des gerbes, sur une tonne,
Le BAISER *s'y prend ou s'y donne ;*
Le plaisir n'y sait pas compter ;
Et l'impitoyable étiquette
Sur les lèvres d'une COQUETTE
Ne t'y fait jamais avorter.

VIII.

Fly to the rural, ſhadowy Dells:
There, PEACE in calm retirement dwells;
Beneath the Beech's ſpreading Shade,
Thy am'rous Secrets are diſplay'd;
There, on the Hay-mow, or the Graſs,
Sport the fond Youth, and fonder Laſs;
There, unconſtrain'd in frolic play,
A KISS they lend, a KISS repay;
Pleaſures ſo num'rous round them flow,
Envy can ne'er the Number know;
Nor are the Lips' ſweet Joys deny'd,
By PRUDES affecting virtuous Pride.

IX.

Mais, en quelques lieux qu'on t'appelle,
Ne déserte point mon réduit ;
Si j'ai pu te rester fidele,
Que tes faveurs en soient le fruit !
Seme des fleurs sur ma JEUNESSE ;
Jusques dans la froide VIEILLESSE
Renouvelle encor mes desirs,
Et puisses-tu, pour récompense,
*Rencontrer souvent l'*INNOCENCE,
Et la soumettre à tes plaisirs !

IX.

Tho' tempted hence your Flight to take,
My humble Manſion ne'er forſake;
To You if conſtant I remain,
Let Kindneſs recompenſe my Pain!
Around my YOUTH freſh Flow'rets ſhed,
Till AGE ſhall ſilver o'er my Head;
Then ſoftly fan my drooping Fires,
And wake the half-extinct Deſires:
So may'ſt Thou in thy Wand'rings meet
Young INNOCENCE who ſmiles ſo ſweet;
And may ſhe all-ſubmiſſive prove
To Thee, the guiltleſs Gueſt of Love!

X.

X.

Puisse à ce prix, trompant sa mere,
La jeune Fille de quinze ans,
Dans son alcove solitaire
Méditer ton art dans mes chants,
Interroger son ame oisive,
Dévorer l'image expressive
De l'amoureuse volupté,
Ne voir que BAISERS *dans ses songes,*
Et soupçonner dans ces mensonges
Les douceurs de la vérité !

X.

So may the Nymph of gay fifteen,
By ſtrict maternal Eyes unſeen,
To ſome ſequeſter'd Grove retire;
There reading, nurſe her infant Fire;
Free from a Parent's ſtern Controul,
Explore her newly-op'ning Soul;
And riot o'er my am'rous Page,
Soft-yielding to voluptuous Rage:
So may ſweet Dreams of rapt'rous Joy
Her pleaſing Slumbers oft employ!
Till, many a fond illuſive Kiss
Shall almoſt realize the Bliſs!

A

KISS

After the Manner of

SECUNDUS.

To CYNTHIA.

THE tranſient Seaſon let's improve,
That human Life allots to Love:
Youth ſoon my CYNTHIA flies away,
And Age aſſumes its frozen Sway;
With Elegance and Neatneſs dreſt,
Come then in Beauty's Bloom conteſt,
And in my fond Embrace be bleſt!

Faint

Faint Strugglings but inflame Deſire,
And ſerve to fan the Lover's Fire:
Then yield not all at once your Charms,
But with reluctance fill my Arms;
My Arms! that ſhall with eager Haſte
Encircle now your ſlender Waiſt,
Now round your Neck be careleſs hung,
And now o'er all your Frame be flung:
About your Limbs my Limbs I'll twine,
And lay your glowing Cheek to mine:
Cloſe to my broader, manlier Cheſt
I'll preſs thy firm, proud-ſwelling Breaſt;
Now riſing high, now falling low,
As Paſſion's Tide ſhall ebb or flow:
My murm'ring Tongue ſhall ſpeak my Bliſs,
Shall court your yielding Lips to KISS;
Each KISS with Thouſand's I'll repay,
And almoſt ſuck your Breath away;
A Thouſand more you then ſhall give,
And then a Thouſand more receive:

In

In Tranſport half-diſſolv'd we'll lie,
Venting our Wishes in a Sigh!

Quick-ſtarting from me, now diſplay
Your looſe, and diſcompos'd Array:
Your Hair ſhall o'er your poliſh'd Brow
In ſweetly-wild Diſorder flow;
And thoſe long Treſſes from behind,
You us'd in artful Braids to bind,
Shall down your ſnowy Boſom ſpread
Redundant, in a ſoften'd Shade;
And from your wiſhful Eyes ſhall ſtream
The dewy Light of Paſſion's Flame:
While now and then a Look ſhall glance,
Your Senſes loſt in am'rous Trance,
That fain my Rudeneſs wou'd reprove;
Yet plainly tells how much you love:
The Roſes height'ning on your Cheek,
Shall the fierce Tide of Rapture ſpeak;
And on your Lips a warmer Glow
The deepen'd Ruby then ſhall ſhow:

Your

Your Breaſt, replete with youthful Fire,
Shall heave with Tumults of Deſire;
Shall heave at Thoughts of wiſh'd-for Bliſs,
And ſeem as tho' 'twould meet my Kiss:
Down on that Heav'n I'll ſink quite ſpent,
And lie in tender Languiſhment;
But ſoon your Charms reviving Pow'r
Shall to my Frame new Life reſtore:
With Love I'll then my Pains aſſuage;
With Kisses cool my wanton Rage;
Hang o'er thy Beauties till I cloy;
Then ceaſe, and then renew my Joy!

FINIS

ERRATA.

Page 12, Line 14, for *Louvain*, read *Lovain*
13, 9, ACCORDING, read ACCORDING
23, 9, PRÆULI, read PRÆSULI
38, 11, ſeperate, *read* ſeparate
107, 2, LIFE, read LIFE
110, 16, DIONEM, read DIONEN
151, 12, the Space ſhould be placed after this Line, and not before it.
154, 4, for "*Collige me tuis*" read *Collige me tuis*
192, 10, *Acidalius*, read ACIDALIÆ, for I cannot think the Adjective *Acidalius* a Word well authoriſed.
199, 4, *dele the*, *after* Truth